JOHN BULL, JANUARY 19, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1492.

JOHN BULL'S HISTORIC "JUBILEE YEAR" PRESENTATION SEE CENTRE PAGES

JOHN BULL

He used to be so proud of her!

Now, tired out with housework, children and a host of other worries, she has allowed herself to become drab and uninteresting. It doesn't even occur to him to introduce her to this friend of his younger days. Wincarnis can save *you* from a similar fate. This delicious tonic wine builds up the entire system by creating rich new blood to nourish nerves and tissues. A glass two or three times a day gives you the energy to get through the day's work and still have time to devote to your appearance. Start taking Wincarnis to-day and keep your husband as proud of you as the day he married you.

• Wincarnis is simply a pure delicious wine reinforced with the energising vitamins, the nerve building and tonic properties of malt and beef extracts. Wincarnis has been proved by over 20,000 recommendations from Doctors to be a most effective remedy for all run down conditions and nervous complaints. 3/3 and 5/6 from wine merchants, licensed grocers and chemists. Get a bottle to-day. You'll feel the benefit with the very first glass.

FREE. 4½d. in stamps (for postage, etc.) will bring you a generous sample from the makers, Coleman & Co,. Ltd., Dept. 115, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

His wife suffered constantly with neuralgia

"My wife suffered constantly for three weeks with neuralgia and even had a tooth extracted in the hope that perhaps a bad tooth was causing the pain. We tried at least 6 'nerve remedies' without avail and almost in desperation, I saw your advert. After 4 wineglassful doses her pain vanished, and after 5 weeks there is no sign of the trouble again."

F. K——, Sidcup.

More good than the doctor's medicine.

"I have recently been suffering from a nervous breakdown and could not regain my strength. Wincarnis has done me more good than the doctor's medicine. Before I had taken one bottle people were remarking how much better I looked, and I feel it my duty to express my thanks to you for your wonderful tonic."

Miss G. R. L——, Lowestoft.

WINCARNIS
THE WINE OF LIFE

OVER 20,000 RECOMMENDATIONS FROM DOCTORS

SHE PRICKED *her* THUMB

Simple Household Task that dealt death!

SHE was busy preparing the Sunday dinner. One job followed another, and then she began to prepare the rabbit. Suddenly a sharp bone pricked her thumb. A little pain, but she treated it lightly.

Then came tragedy. Three days later she was taken ill . . . her thumb had become septic. A doctor was summoned and she was removed to hospital. Infection had spread from the thumb to her forearm. Despite desperate efforts made to save her life, she died the following day.

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that befell Mrs. Rose Mapes, of 24, Chelsea Road, Southsea. Who would think that a common cooking task could have so tragic an ending! But often it is such accidents, which at first appear so harmless, that end in tragedy.

"JOHN BULL'S" £110 CHEQUE.

To Mrs. Mapes' husband, who is a registered reader of JOHN BULL, we have hastened to send our sympathy, and despatched a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

Under its great 1935 Free Family Insurance Gift JOHN BULL not only provides generous benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Children's Accidents, etc., etc., but in addition JOHN BULL is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard the Home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, to provide Sickness Benefit, and to add a 10 per cent. bonus to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Sign the forms below now for JOHN BULL'S comprehensive Insurance Gift—*it costs you nothing.*

"John Bull"—the only paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefit.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 19/1/35

CUT HERE

***Post* this Form to**

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 19/1/35

£950 and 18 Giant Hampers Won in Crossword Competition No. 286.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following eighteen competitors, who share the £950 offered. To each of these, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £67 6s. 6d. will be sent.

L. A. Brooks, Luxulyan, Old Snead Avenue, Stoke Bishop, Bristol; Mrs. F. Bruce, Lansdowne House, Lansdowne Road, London, W.11; A. J. Dandy, Danby Wiske, Northallerton, Yorks; Miss L. Firth, Fern Mount, Hardwick Mount, Buxton; L. Ford, 29, Chapel Street, Wem, Salop; Miss G. Green, 7, Peascroft Lane, Bilston, Staffs; D. A. Johns, 97, Lammas Street, Carmarthen; A. J. Ketley, 12, Biddulph Road, Larkhill, Wilts; G. F. Kettley, 36, Tristam Road, Bromley, Kent; G. Leighton, 25, Oldham Street, Warrington; B. Leader, 3, Cuttbrook By-Pass, Harmondsworth, West Drayton, Middx.; W. G. Loram, 9, Riversdale Road, Wallasey; E. Pickering, 76, Sackville Street, Barnsley; A. Shoebridge, 106, Woodman Road, Brentwood, Essex; A. L. Stevens, 11, Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol; J. Sutcliffe, 55, Promenade Street, Heywood; A. H. Thomas, 9, Tadworth Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2; Mrs. E. Walters, 3, Ifor Place, Treharris, Glam.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, January 29, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 189 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 10s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries in our Crossword Contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the eighteen competitors sharing the First Prize will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a Giant Hamper.

A Splendid X-word Offer with a Pension of £2 Weekly for Life and £200 Cash, or one lump sum of £800 with £100 to be divided between Runners-up and a Giant Party Hamper for every Prize Winner appears on page 49. Try your skill now.

This is the RUG BOOK containing 8 COLOURED DESIGNS & HINTS ON RUG-MAKING. FREE
Also samples of:—
The ORIGINAL "TWILIGHT"
READICUT RUG WOOL
Lovely Wools cut into lengths ready for use (or in blanks if preferred). 100 shades. Black fm. 1/9 Per Lb.
Send postcard (1d. stamp) to:—
READICUT WOOL CO. LTD., Dept. J.B., OSSETT, YORKS.

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Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments		
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1	10	0
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10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	3	12	0
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	5	10	0
14ft.	8ft.	7ft.	6	15	0

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BUY BRITISH
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An absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-Weight Imperial Blankets, bordered, and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime. Deposit
ONLY 35/- for EIGHT Full-Size BLANKETS
Send for this Blanket Sale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is One of the World's Biggest Bargains. If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within 7 days, 35/- only. The Whole Sale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 1/- An unequalled Offer.
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Every purchaser receives our free gift of Stainless Plate as follows:
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Dpt. J.B. 202 J. A. DAVIS & CO
94 104 DENMARK HILL LONDON SE5

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Note Our Free Gift to Every Customer.
The Latest Parisian Design Winter Model Frock produced in Fine Quality Chiffon Finished Twill Back Velveteen. Modish High-cut Corsage with Crossover Yoke Front. Adjustable Tie. Finish to Waist. Smart Medium Neckline, attractively trimmed with stylish Frill and Bow of White Satin Crepe. Well-cut Skirt with Medium Flare. Let us send you this exclusive model on Free Approval. Send only 6d. deposit and 6d. for postage for Free Approval. Balance payable 1/6 fortnightly until 18/11 is paid, or full cash within 7 days 17/11 only. All sizes and lengths. X.O.S. sizes 3/- extra. Give size and colour required for immediate delivery.
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Every Purchaser has one of our £3 2s. Raincoats with Storm Collar, Full Belt & Vertical Pockets — Free.
Colours available: Navy, New Green, Wine, Nigger, Saxe and Black. Why not be smartly Dressed out-of-income? Write for our Fully Illustrated List of up-to-date Models. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or deposit refunded.
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My wonderful range of 1935 Wireless Sets are far in advance of all others, and much lower in price. Ready to switch on, and Carriage Paid. Send a P.C. for Free Catalogue.
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8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£3.15.0*	6/-	4/6
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£5.15.0	6/-	7/-

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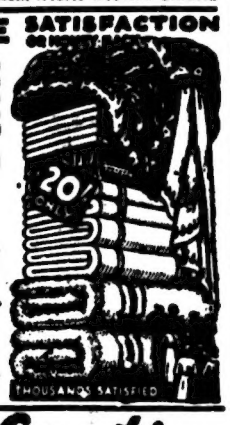

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(1) Attache Case (value 5/6).
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8 sq. ft. for 15/-

r. Paid England Wales, Scotland extra. Supersedes oleum—at a fraction he cost. Rot proof damp proof. Ideal covering wood or e floors. Made for d wear. Send P.C. Patterns and ples (post free) or r at once stating ur required. Sent D. if desired at cost of 9d. roll. Money back if not delighted. Great range of All Rolls 2 yds. wide.

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YOURS for 3/-

6 value for 48/6

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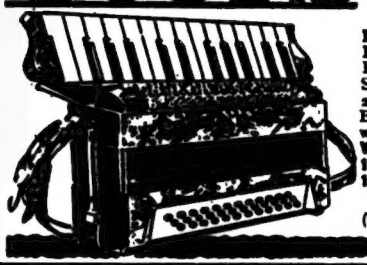

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21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 3/- Deposit. Balance payable 5/- monthly until 52/- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only.

Write for fully illustrated list of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys 24 Bass; 34 Keys 48 Bass; 41 Keys 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

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Modern Short Lengths or Usual Long Clothes. 75 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

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FOR MEN & LADIES

British Woollen garments well made with roll collar and long sleeves. Cosy and hard wearing. Usually 3/6. In Royal, Black, Navy, Brown, White, Canary, Maroon, Green, Greys, Fawn. **2/9**
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Super quality all wool Roll Collar Sweaters. Elsewhere 6/-. Our price **3/6**
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Boys' Roll Collar Sweaters 1/6 each,
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L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
9	6	66/6	4/-	6/-
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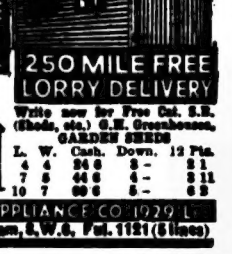

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MUST BE WON

AND UNLIMITED SURPRISE GIFTS

Tens of thousands of children spend their playtime in mean back streets, to which the sun, even in the height of summer, rarely penetrates.

The "Daily Herald" has launched this great new Playing Fields Slogan Competition the proceeds of which will be devoted to the National Playing Fields Association. Men and women in every walk of life will thus better understand the splendid work which is being done for the youth of the Nation by this great Association.

Here is an excellent pastime for all, and one which will make instant appeal—a new and inspired competition supporting a noble work for Britain's youth, with an opportunity of winning a mammoth cash prize of £5,000.

You are asked to select the 12 best slogans from the 28 given on the entry form. There is no order of merit required. Use your judgment and skill and this mammoth prize may come to you.

Read every slogan carefully. Each is an inspiration to help young Britain to health and happiness and, incidentally, may help you to a fortune.

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TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL"

SURPRISE GIFTS FOR EVERY 8 COMPLETED ENTRY FORMS

In addition to the mammoth must-be-won £5,000 cash prize, there are unlimited Surprise Gifts. For every 8 completed entry forms the "Daily Herald" will present a handsome Surprise Gift absolutely free and post free.

A new and different Surprise Gift will be sent to each reader for every envelope received containing eight completed entry forms.

Applicants for these splendid Surprise Gifts must send their 8 entries all together in one envelope to arrive by **Wednesday, January 30th,** and they must write the words "SURPRISE GIFT" in the top left-hand corner of the BACK of the envelope.

No Surprise Gift will be sent to those competitors who have sent in the completed eight attempts unless envelope is marked "Surprise Gift" in accordance with the rules.

Immediately you have completed your eight entry forms for your first Surprise Gift, you can commence completing another eight entry forms for a new and different Surprise Gift.

Complete the eight separate forms. Send them in by the further dates to be given and see what the Postman will bring you. Your Surprise Gift will come to you by return and you will be delighted.

Entry Form, No. J.B.1.

£5,000

MUST BE WON

You must keep accurate copies of your entries. "Key" Numbers are sufficient—see left-hand column of Entry Form.

CHOOSE the 12 of the 28 Slogans given below that would best help the movement for securing Playing Fields for Children by placing a Cross (X) against those selected in the blank spaces on the right.

INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. NO ORDER OF MERIT REQUIRED. INK MUST BE USED.

1	They need fresh fields—to conquer.	
2	Sally is tired of her alley.	
3	Green fields bring a harvest of health.	
4	A playing field is Health's workshop.	
5	Every child's heritage—sun and air.	
6	Cultivate playing fields and watch the children grow.	
7	Green fields are the "breath of life" to them.	
8	Two tiny "feet" need more than a "yard."	
9	Green fields—the play-way to health!	
10	Give them the earth!—They're worth it.	
11	Grounds for improvement—Playing Fields.	
12	Spare the "rod"—spoil the child.	
13	Give them a "Parking Place" for health.	
14	Give them the Freedom of the Fields.	
15	Fresh air is Free—it's the lack of it that's paid for.	
16	Open the gate to Nature's Estate.	
17	A safe crossing—from the slums to the Playing Fields.	
18	Lamp-posts or trees?—it's up to you!	
19	Life goes with a swing—in the Playing Fields.	
20	Let the grass grow under the children's feet—not yours.	
21	The flower of the nation thrives in a playing field.	
22	Green Fields—Golden Hours.	
23	More children in the fields—less accidents on the roads.	
24	Be fair—give them air.	
25	Play the game with the kiddies!	
26	Give them acres—not "yards."	
27	There's a red light in the roads—it's all green in the fields.	
28	Playing Fields give more air than areas.	

COMPLETE IN INK. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition, and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Competition Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all matters appertaining thereto.

BLOCK LETTERS

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

AFFIX YOUR THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP HERE. Stamp must be affixed to each Entry Form sent in.

POST YOUR ENTRY FORMS ALL TOGETHER IN ONE ENVELOPE. YOU MUST WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE FLAP OF YOUR ENVELOPE. KEEP AN ACCURATE COPY OF YOUR ENTRIES.

FURTHER ENTRY FORMS APPEAR DAILY IN THE "DAILY HERALD."

J.B.1.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

1. Entry Forms must be filled in by the entrant in person, in ink as directed and must not be mutilated or altered. Twelve crosses only must be written in the spaces provided.
2. Entrant's name and usual address must be written as directed on all Entry Forms AND ON OUTSIDE OF FLAP OF ENVELOPE.

Each Entry Form must be cut out and must have a 1½d. (three halfpenny) stamp affixed to the space provided.

3. Entrants who are qualifying for Surprise Gifts should send in their envelopes, with 8 completed entry forms enclosed, with the words "Surprise Gift" written in the top left-hand corner of the outside of the back of the envelope, in addition to the entrant's name and address, which must also be written as directed in Rule 2. No Surprise Gift will be sent unless envelope is marked "Surprise Gift" as directed.

Entrants who are not qualifying for a Surprise Gift should send in their entries at the close of the Competition the date of which will be announced in the "Daily Herald."

Entries (apart from Surprise Gift entries) must be enclosed all together in one envelope, which must be sealed and bear the correct postage. Entries delivered by hand will not be accepted.

Each envelope must contain entries from one entrant only. No entrant may send in more than one Entry Form per issue.

4. Proof of posting is not proof of delivery, and the Competition Editor of the "Daily Herald" takes no responsibility for forms or claims lost, delayed or mislaid in transit or after delivery. No correspondence will be entered into and no interviews will be granted.
5. The 28 Slogans will be submitted to a committee of Eminent Experts, who will decide upon the twelve that would best advertise and help the movement for securing Playing Fields for Children. The competitor whose twelve selections on any one Entry Form agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the prize.
6. In the event of a tie or ties, the £5,000 prize will be equally divided. No entrant can win more than one share of the prize.

NOTE: Copies of your entries may be kept by keeping a note of the "Key" numbers of the Slogans against which your crosses have been placed. "Key" numbers will be found in the left-hand column of Entry Form.

7. **COMPETITORS MUST KEEP ACCURATE COPIES OF THEIR ENTRIES,** so that when the decision of the experts is announced in the "Daily Herald," they may be in a position to send in a claim for a prize in accordance with the simple directions which will then be given.
8. The Competition Editor of the "Daily Herald" reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.
9. Employees of the "Daily Herald" and its associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.
10. Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

Address your Entries, "Daily Herald" Playing Fields Competition, 37, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

This competition is run in all of the movement to secure playing fields for the children, and the proceeds will be handed over to the National Playing Fields Association.

FURTHER ENTRY FORMS APPEAR DAILY IN THE "DAILY HERALD"

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, famous make, 12/9 doz.; sell at 1/6 pr. Gent's Heather Hose, 3/6 doz.; sell at 6d. pr. Ladies' O.S. Interlock Vests, 8/9 doz.; sell at 1/3 each. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue. Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas St., Manchester.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39 Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

HOSIERY and U'wear. Call or write for 1935 Catlg. No risk. Beginners instructed.—RAYON SILK CO (J.), 9, Friday Street, E.C.4.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends and others. Big profits. Catalogue and particulars free.—EMPIRE HOSIERY CO., Dept. J B., Empire House, London, E.C.1.

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Make *John Bull* your salesman, and display your goods in the famous "Shop Window." See pages 2 & 3. Regularly studied by men and women in all walks of life. The most economical way of reaching a nation of buyers. Every offer backed by *John Bull*. For rates, and advice on how to advertise, apply on business letter-heading to The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept. (Room B), *John Bull*, 57/59, Long Acre, London W.C.2.

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SALARY, COMMISSION and EXPENSES offered to reliable and trustworthy REPRESENTATIVES (either sex) showing proof of ability, with the largest Mail Order House in the British Empire.

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The positions are both permanent and progressive, and the Company, which has its own huge factories and thousands of employees, is just approaching its best period of the year. Reply in confidence, giving particulars of age, experience, etc., to:—THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES, LTD., Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

HERE'S extra money for you! Fill in the coupon in LITTLEWOOD'S advt. on p. 37 for a free copy of their 320-p. unique catalogue and hints on forming and running a club, with details of commission and bonuses.

DON'T overlook Bolsoms' bargain values on page 14.

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POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1935 (FREE). Contains information on pay, prospects and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, London.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 601), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE. G.P.O. Engineers, Customs and Excise, Inspector of Taxes; no experience required; open examination; vacancies regularly available, ages 17-24. — Full particulars, with personal advice, free.—Dept. 149, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience required). Commence £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam.—B.I.E.T. (Dept. 537), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

A GREAT Guide to Careers—FREE. The School's 183-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, and the Public Services. Write to-day.—School of Accountancy, 569, Bush House, W.C.2.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for entrance and promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars free, or advice about other careers Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. 149, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1935 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex, ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 1711), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO and MOTOR ENGINEERING are expanding rapidly. There are lots of vacancies. Our postal courses will make you eligible. Advice on all careers Free.—DEPT. 149, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

A FREE 23-page book telling how you can qualify through spare-time home study to become a Salesman where opportunities for earning big money are always present, will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the Wallace Attwood advt. on page 33.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

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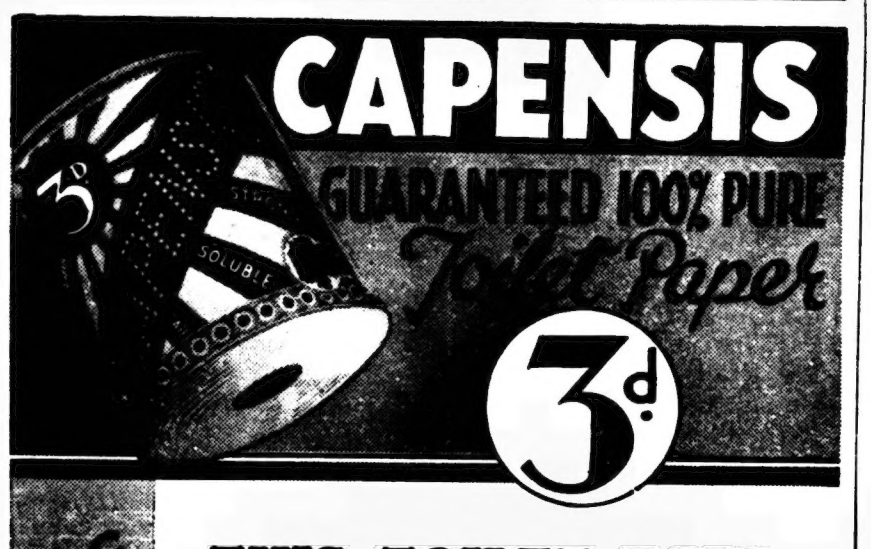
BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 30 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approval (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

BE WELL CLOTHED and pay while you wear. Suits and Overcoats on the easiest of easy terms. Also Teddy Coats for Ladies. Send to Pain's Present House for Free List (for address see advt. on page 3).

A BIG SALE of **BEDDING** for 1/- deposit. Every purchaser receives gift of 30 pieces of Table Plate. The full offer is described in the advt. of Messrs. J. A. Davis & Co. on page 2.

WATCHES GIVEN AWAY! Send in your application at once before this gift offer finishes. Read the advt. of Wm. Penn in this week's "Shop Window"—page 3.



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COVER that room with Artoleum. Nothing Cheaper, nothing better. No nailing; rotproof, damp-proof. A big roll for 15/- is offered in advertisement on page 3. All purchasers receive free gift of useful doormat.

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1/- DEPOSIT secures the Ambrose Wilson fancy woollen Knop Cloth dress illustrated in their advt. on page 39. Complete the coupon for home approval and inspection of this excellent bargain.

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DOBBIE'S 1935 Catalogue & Gardening Guide, 152 pages, 279 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

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MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482S), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

CATARRH. — **VAPO-CRESOLENE** counteracts stuffiness, eases breathing, creates freshness.—Write for booklet No. 48M to ALLEN AND HANBURYS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.2.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34/38, Connor, Deroy.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps 4d.

ARE you suffering from a Cold or Influenza? Cephos, the Harley Street Physician's remedy, will give instant relief. Cannot affect the heart. In powders and tablets. Send p.c. for Free Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

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NERVE sufferers do not often realise that this complaint arises from blood iron-starvation. If your blood is iron-starved, your nerves must suffer, because they depend on your blood for nourishment. Correct this condition by taking IRON JELLOIDS, the quickest, surest and easiest way to enrich, invigorate and nourish your blood stream. See page 35.

ON page 35, Pemexo Laboratories offer a free sample of Pemexo Tablets to banish piles. Simply send an addressed envelope with a 1½d. stamp to the address appearing in the advt.

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets will keep you immune from colds, catarrh, headaches, etc. A free sample will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Laboratories, Dept. 8A, 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. This offer appears on page 35.

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ALL parents are anxious that their children should grow healthy and strong. Children taking HORLICK'S are invariably bright and healthy because it strengthens, nourishes and sustains and gives them all the vital elements that they need for growth and extra energy. See page 27.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

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FREE.—A specimen copy of "The Exchange and Mart," 8,000 Bargains weekly.—Send postcard to J. B. Bull, 4, Oreville St., London, E.C.1.

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HAVE YOU read the open letter to parents by Mr. Bennett, of the Bennett College, Sheffield, on page 18? Do so now! A free copy of a famous book, "The Human Machine," can be obtained on application to the Bennett College.

MATCHLESS for cleansing the skin, PEARS SOAP—now reduced to 4½d. a cake—is the first essential to complexion loveliness. Turn to page 29. Don't overlook the economy note—it's important!

ALL THE GOODNESS of nature comes to you in Shredded Wheat, one of the best, most wholesome and healthful foods, which contains nothing but pure whole wheat shredded for greater nourishment and digestibility. Served for breakfast or any other meal, Shredded Wheat is an all-round economy, because no cooking is needed. Delicious with milk, cream, honey or fruits. See page 31.

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20 for 1/-
I've tried most brands of cigarettes in my time — now I've settled down to Craven 'A' because They never Vary!
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
20

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C.A. 154

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

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AGAIN WE SAY IT!

There's No Place Like Home

Without Fear or Favour

NOVEMBER 1, 1933, was a Wednesday. On that day there came into force the new Children and Young Persons Act. On the eve of the occasion JOHN BULL published an article with the title "Black Wednesday for the Children"—a phrase which has since been repeated a number of times in Parliament and used frequently by speakers and writers on social subjects.

We applied this description to the date of the operation of the Act because we had good reason to express distrust both of the type of people who had sponsored it and of some features of the Act which were foreign to the accepted principles of British judicial administration.

Years ago JOHN BULL was the first journal to discern and warn the public against the birth of a new kind of bureaucracy which was seeking and gradually obtaining legislative powers to meddle with family life by removing children from their homes and consigning them on fantastic pretexts to institutions and places of detention.

The people behind the movement were all of that class of busybodies who, in the pose of social service workers, find joyful outlet for their obsession to interfere with other people's affairs by manufacturing reasons why working-class parents should be deprived of the custody of their boys and girls.

☆ ★ ☆

There can be few persons in the country to-day who are not aware of the ravage since committed by this unholy tyranny. In tens of thousands of homes there is sorrow and dismay because a child has been plucked away and planted for no substantial reason in one kind of institution or another.

These filchers of young lives had their greatest triumph when they were able to have the new Children Act foisted on the public. It contained the realisation of the bureaucrats' dreams.

They were given power by Parliament to demand that any child, even if it had done no wrong, should be removed from the care of its parents and placed in captivity under lock and key on the grounds that it would receive better "care and protection" than was given to it in its own home.

Parliament, when it sanctioned the Children Act, was deceived by specious speeches that the "care and protection" clause would only be applied to cases in which children were clearly being exposed to such physical or moral dangers that they were bound to suffer in health or to become the criminals of the future.

The Act was a bad one because it did not contain the slightest safeguards against the exploitation of innocent and healthy boys and girls by those with designs upon their liberty.

Many readers of JOHN BULL have since then enquired why it is that we have been silent regarding the consequences of the Children Act. Not a few have even declared that we were withholding criticism because our forecast of the evils it would bring might not have been justified by events.

Our readers can now share what we have treated for a year as a secret. It is that, immediately following the publication of the "Black Wednesday" warning to the nation, a high official of the Home Office, acting with the full authority of his Department, called at the offices of JOHN BULL and, in consequence of his representations, we decided to abstain from comment on cases arising under the Act for twelve months.

In that time, he guaranteed, we would discover that our fears that the Act would only lead to the overcrowding of children's prisons were totally unjustified.

The Home Office appeal was, in effect, a challenge to JOHN BULL. We accepted it and also undertook that if we were proved wrong we would make unstinted amends.

The official Home Office figures for the first year of the operation of the Children Act have just been published. They not only prove that our estimate was completely correct, but confirm the worst suspicions of the manner in which the Act would be administered.

During the year, although juvenile crime and delinquency considerably decreased, the number of children incarcerated in reformatories—now called Home Office schools but still prisons with all the prison atmosphere—was 2,763, compared with 1,866 in the previous year, an increase of 897.

And it is officially admitted that the powers conferred by the Children Act against completely innocent children have been so vigorously exercised that every place of detention in the land is now so choked up that none of them can accommodate another prisoner!

The position is even much worse than these facts seem to indicate. Another horde of boys and girls, who cannot be admitted to the reformatories because they are overflowing, have been accommodated for months in what are called "remand homes," which are in reality prison adjuncts. They are being detained in these places until vacancies occur in the larger institutions.

All these children should be released at once. There cannot be any question that a child is better placed, even in a so-called bad home, than in a Home Office prison "remand home."

We have said often, and say again, that the proper place for a child to live is in its own home in charge of its parents or relatives, unless there is irrefutable evidence that it is, or will become, a menace to the community.

Parliament intended that removal from home and family should only be the last desperate resort. That intention is being flouted up and down the country.

What has been happening, of course, during the year is that many children, against whom no charge could be brought, have been condemned to captivity simply because their parents have been compelled to occupy overcrowded and inferior houses.

☆ ★ ☆

Not once during the year has a well-to-do man's son or daughter been brought up for imprisonment under the Children Act.

Many cases have occurred in which a child has been separated from its parents because the father, possibly through unemployment, has been sent to prison for theft or some similar crime. The plea for its removal to an institution has always been that it must not be allowed to grow up with the possibility of criminal or immoral associations.

We await to hear of any case in which the young sons or daughters of convicted swindling financiers or other business rogues have ever been forcibly removed from their homes for "care and protection."

When JOHN BULL gave its Black Wednesday warning it was stated clearly that the Children Act would be used by the bureaucrats as an instrument to compel the building of still more and bigger prisons to receive the children who would be snatched from their homes in future years. This assertion was also officially denied.

Made frantic by the exposure that both the reformatories and remand homes have been crowded out since the Children Act came into force, the authorities have just issued orders for **four new juvenile prisons to be built at once to receive the still larger number of children who are destined to be wrested from their parents and homes in the next twelve months.**

Was JOHN BULL'S warning justified? The nation can judge.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

No Gresford Fund Scandal, Please!

Big Tax-Debtors Still Lucky

Film Stunt We Don't Like

The public gave generously for them: it expects to see the Fund administered in the same spirit of generosity

WE are sorry to see that the administration of the Gresford mine disaster relief fund has already come under severe criticism.

We do not necessarily agree with all the criticism passed, but there is no doubt that the spirit behind the administration of the fund should be one of generosity and not of niggardliness.

It was the spirit of generosity that caused the nation to contribute £515,000 to the support of the Gresford victims. And the nation will not be satisfied if the fund is not administered in the same spirit with which it was contributed.

Bare living not enough

Bare living allowances, for instance, will not do. The widows and children of the Gresford men deserve more than that.

Also, we strongly resent the idea that the widow or mother of a man who had managed to save a little money should therefore receive less benefit.

To penalise thrift in such circumstances is surely the reverse of generosity.

No hoarding

We are sure the public had no such reservation in mind when it so handsomely responded to the appeals of mayors all over the country.

Many subscribers, indeed, insisted that the money should not be allowed to be accumulated into a surplus. With such reservations and deductions, however, the danger of an accumulation is obvious enough.

We all know what has often happened to similar relief funds in the past—the hoarding of those funds long after the deaths of people who should have benefited!

This cruel error must not be repeated at Gresford.

Share alike!

There is enough money to provide about £2,000 for every bereaved dependent. It should be shared out—either in the form of lump sums or allowances for apprenticeship premiums and other payments. There should be no irksome differences in treatment.

We ask the fund's administrators to carry out their task in a spirit of absolute fairness and equality.

Unless they do, they will not only be doing a grave injustice to the bereaved relatives of the Gresford men, but to the victims of future disasters on whose deserving behalf appeals to the public's generosity will be made.

Did "L. G." forget?

We suppose most people were surprised to find no suggestion for a land tax in the preliminary outline of Mr. Lloyd George's new plan. Now, we are told, he is being bombarded with letters urging him to remedy this strange omission.

But it's strange he should have to be reminded of his great pre-war aim.

More baby farming

We congratulate Sir Hilton Young for warning local authorities that the law to stop baby farming is being evaded in some towns. He wants them to launch a drive against women who take babies for reward without registering.

There is strong suspicion that some of these women are connected with the White Slave traffic. Unmarried girls who hand their babies over to them are sometimes blackmailed into prostitution under threat of having their secret revealed to their parents.

The easier way

Sir Hilton's colleague, the Minister of Labour, must be told that the transfer of children from poor areas into better ones is not proving a success.

What is wanted is a transfer of the whole family. That would keep the home together instead of it being broken up by one child being sent to one district and another child to some other place.

Good news

The most cheerful news for weeks comes from the chairman of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, himself a surgeon, who assures us that cancer in some parts of the body is absolutely curable.

Not only that, but if cancer is diagnosed in an early stage nearly 100 per cent. of patients can be cured.

Now, if that is true, what is needed most? To educate the likely victim into going early to the doctor? Or to educate the average doctor to know a case of cancer when he sees it?

Nasty

What strikes us as rather an unpleasant affair took place recently at the London School of Medicine for Women.

The dead heart of a rabbit which had been preserved in ice for some days was made to jerk out something resembling heart-beats. This spectacle was apparently staged for the benefit of a film company which is making a series of "educational" films.

We think it quite an unnecessary piece of enterprise, and we hope that if ever this "educational" short is shown on the screen it will meet with the reception it deserves. Such experiments should be kept within the four walls of a laboratory.

Lucky tax-debtors

Maybe you remember our attacks on the Inland Revenue overlords for harassing the small taxpayer while allowing the wealthy man to escape scot-free.

Well, a titled shipbroker who has just appeared in the bankruptcy court admits that he and his brother owe £50,000 for income-tax and excess profits duty.

They are lucky to owe so much. If they were liable for only £5 instead of £50,000 they would probably have appeared in the police court long ago.

The small man's plight

For example, a Blackpool man was dragged before the magistrates within seven days of the end of 1934 for owing his tax on the last six months of the year.

The chief constable confessed himself amazed at this hustling and informed the court that he hadn't yet paid tax for the same period. The court wisely advised the collector to see the defendant privately, and adjourned the case.

Will the authorities kindly explain why well-to-do men are spared this humiliation?

Where the orphans go

We're delighted by the complaint that orphanages can't find enough orphans to fill them

This happy state of affairs has been brought about by the State pension of 7s. 6d. for orphans, which is a sufficient inducement for relatives to keep them.

We should shed no tears if every orphanage in the land had to close its doors to-morrow for this reason, though it would be rank ingratitude to overlook the splendid services to the community which such homes have rendered in the past.

An unknown host

If the generous folk who have supported these institutions are at a loss to find another outlet for their good deeds, we suggest they might follow the example of an anonymous Birmingham man.

Recently he invited three hundred very poor men to dine with him at a café. It was a really ample meal, and he intends to give many more instead of leaving his money to a home.

In the hearts of those poor devils he'll build for himself a monument that a fortune spent on bricks and mortar can never fashion.

No joke

A little of the world's superfluous wealth would also be very welcome to the Yorkshire village of Jump.

Its name may be funny, but it has little else to smile at. Since the closing of the local colliery *ten years ago* the majority of its men have been out of work.

The Rev. R. J. Jones, curate-in-charge, has proved as good a godfather as he can afford, but he has to admit that his good wishes for the New Year "must only seem a mockery of the black prospect."

Will nobody help to lighten that blackness?

The unkindest cut

And though it seemed a good thing for the Government to grant £500,000 for the depressed areas of South Wales, it's not nearly so good as it sounded at first.

For now a million pounds is to be taken away from the same troubled area owing to the new regulations under the Unemployment Assistance Act.

We guess that when South Wales sees future gift horses it will look out for kicks.

The Fragrant Minute.

HOPEFUL

"JALLUS takes my troubles hopeful." That's what a certain old man said. I read these words once, twice, thrice over. "A very splendid way," I said. All of us, I'm sure, have troubles. All have burdens we must bear. All of us know stinging nettles; all of us know cark and care.

Who is there escapes all trouble? Surely no one known to me. Every heart has its own sorrow. On this point we all agree. But the problem now before us is this most important one—how we take our dose of trouble; several ways this can be done.

Do we take our troubles sourly? Or do we take them with a smile, saying, with a show of courage, "They'll be over in a while"? If we "take our troubles hopeful," like the man of whom I read, then we'll find one bright new morning—they have vanished, they have fled!

Wilhelmina Stitch,

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Broken boots

That prompts us to tell of an old man who was trying to peddle needles. "I'm afraid I can't buy," said a housewife, "there's so many of you at the door these days."

"That's right," said the man, "it's easier to steal. Look"—and he pointed at his broken boots—"if I were in prison I should have strong, warm boots." And he walked away with his thin coat wrapped tight, for the wind was cold.

Isn't there something wrong when a man is better off in jail?

Temperance we like

That's one side of life. Here is another: There's been a little pother at Eccles over a suggestion that councillors should be served with "intoxicants and other refreshments."

Not only temperance fanatics will be pleased that the suggestion has been defeated and the councillors will continue to get only tea.

We have no objection to their drinking beer and whisky, but we see no reason why ratepayers should be expected to bear the cost of their thirst.

The good old school

But Col F. G. Barker is a man we would like to run across. He is a magistrate at Wokingham.

An old soldier pleaded guilty before him of being drunk and incapable. It turned out that he had served under Col. Barker. "Shades of the old school," remarked the Colonel. "I ought to have taught you better. I should have thought you could have carried this weak beer better than you did."

Then he fined the old soldier 10s., remarking to his brother magistrates, "I really think I ought to stand him a drink."

It is probably very wrong of us, but we should like to stand the Colonel one.

That strange inquest

Surely after the remarkable methods by which the Weymouth coroner conducted his enquiry into the death of an aged, wealthy magistrate in his district, the legal advisers of the Government will no longer delay to produce a scheme for complete reform of the inquest law.

There was no doubt whatever that the verdict would be that the feeble old man met his death by accident.

Yet an innocent woman had for a whole day to suffer a terrible ordeal of innuendo during what was described as virtually a trial for murder without the ordinary rules of evidence in operation.

Urgent need

Some explanation should be officially given to the public why this coroner so departed from custom as to allow the inquest to proceed by cross-examination, addresses to the jury and so on.

A coroner has a single duty to perform—to establish the *cause* of death. It is not one of his recognised functions to preside over what was, in this case, practically a police investigation, nor should his court ever assume the atmosphere of a crime tribunal.

There have been so many disturbing cases of the kind that legislation for the definition and control of coroners' powers has become imperative.

Rotten for him!

It was a year ago that we exposed the "Bogus Baronet of Rotten Row," James Robert Ellis, who lived in a Park Lane hotel and defrauded women.

Now, at last, he has been sentenced at London Sessions to two years' hard labour.

BANG goes LIFE and LIMB!

Deadly Explosives Peril in our Streets

THERE is an ever-growing menace to the public in the casual way in which deadly poisons, poison-gases and explosives are being purveyed, kept and carried by private individuals.

The Home Office is, according to one of its recent spokesmen, "closely watching" some of the developments which have arisen. They have, however, been "watching" long enough. What is needed now is some speedy action. Where regulations do exist they are, for the most part, inadequate and out of date. And almost every week there is some happening which demonstrates the risks and perils which are being run.

There was a case in point the other day.

A box of powder giving off a deadly poison gas was stolen from the booking hall of the railway station at Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire. About a pound of the substance was enclosed in a tin placed in a wooden container four inches square. The package was clearly marked "Poison." It had been received by the booking clerk, stamped and placed with other parcels to await the train.

So dangerous is this substance that the people who use it keep it under lock and key. The poison gas—cyanogas—is released immediately the tin lids are removed and the powder comes in contact with the air.

The most surprising aspect of this incident to most people will be the fact that a quantity of a potent, lethal gas can be dumped in a railway booking hall to await delivery to the consignee as if it were a box of bulbs, a case of soap or any other article of harmless merchandise.

☆ ★ ☆

RAILWAY companies, to give them their due, have very stringent regulations concerning the type of dangerous goods they will carry, and particularly how they are to be packed. But those regulations, clearly, do not go far enough.

When we come to consider, however, the road-borne traffic in dangerous goods, we find that the situation is far worse.

Every day and every night lorries and tank wagons thunder along the highways between the industrial cities, passing through towns and villages, with their loads of poisonous liquids and compressed lethal gases.

Only if the loads contain explosives, petroleum, and a limited number of gases is there any control or regulation. There are scores of substances much more dangerous which are totally unregulated.

The present legislation on the point is a farce. For instance, if you send a load of compressed air by road you are hedged about with restrictions, but you can send a load of mustard gas from one end of Britain to the other with impunity and without any supervision under the Acts.

Chlorine, phosgene, cyanogen and other equally deadly gases have also free passage along the King's highway. So have every corrosive and fuming acid and other dangerous chemical compounds too numerous to mention.

H.M. Inspectors of Explosives, in their report published last year, list a few of the road accidents which have occurred to these loads merely to show the public the risks at present being run. Some of these accidents caused death to several people, and in others tragedy was only narrowly averted.

There was the case of a lorry loaded with liquid chlorine—in drums. On a road near some houses at 3.15 in the morning the driver, who was alone, noticed that the back of the lorry was on fire. He tried to put it out with an extinguisher and failed; nor could he, unaided, roll the 30-cwt. drums off the lorry and out of danger. He went to find police assistance.

While he was away one of the drums of poison gas exploded and was blown half a mile away. Thirteen houses had their windows shattered and roofs and woodwork damaged. Police and firemen could not get near the blazing lorry for fear of the other drums exploding.

Every year there are many such occurrences and the numbers are steadily increasing. Last year there were a full score of major and minor accidents to dangerous goods travelling by road.

The Home Office admits it does not know exactly how many. It receives no reports of accidents where there is no offence against the inadequate existing regulations. The explosives inspectors, who are technically interested in such occurrences, have to collect what information they can from the police and the Press.

Still more perilous is the situation when we come to imported dangerous goods. Huge quantities enter the country every year from chemical factories abroad, and they can come in any kind of container or packing as cheap and bad as the manufacturer pleases. They are immune from even the Board of Trade regulations, which apply only to export goods.

☆ ★ ☆

SINCE the railways have their own regulations, and would not accept badly packed, dangerous goods, the tendency is for the imported products to be sent by road—where there are no regulations except for the few articles already mentioned.

That inspectors of explosives are gravely perturbed can be gathered from a phrase from one of their reports. "In view of these conditions (the lack of complete regulations), the tendency is for the carriage of dangerous goods by road to increase, and if adequate safeguards are not taken the public will be exposed to risks from which they should be protected."

Why has the Home Office ignored this warning of its own experts?

The "keeping" of dangerous goods is a matter full of grave danger to the public. With regard to explosives there are regulations, but they are apparently not complete enough, nor the penalties sufficiently severe.

Examples of children breaking into unlocked sheds and stealing powerful detonators are common. There were several cases of serious injury to children last year through detonator explosions.

No regulations are laid down as to the keeping of explosives. It is merely "assumed" by an Order in Council that "a fit person" will be in charge of them, and that the explosive will be kept in a safe place. That bland "assumption" is being flouted every day.

But the worst culprits in the careless handling of dangerous material are doctors.

Every Radio listener is familiar with the S O S messages for drugs and poisons lost or stolen "from a doctor's car." Last year there were over thirty cases, and Lord Trenchard's appeal to doctors to take more care seems to have been ignored.

Most doctors carry in their bags quantities of deadly drugs and poisons, and nobody knows better than they the care with which these must be handled. Yet in numerous instances they are left unattended in a car outside a patient's house.

☆ ★ ☆

THERE are many disquieting aspects of this growing epidemic in thefts from doctors' cars. A drug pedlar or addict, or a potential poisoner, finds considerable difficulty in getting supplies from the only other source available—the chemist's shop. All the car thefts have not been carried out by children or ordinary pilferers.

Besides the serious risks to the public, there is the cost to the State. Not long ago hundreds of police were called out in Birmingham and Manchester to scour roads and streets for deadly strychnine, morphia and prussic acid phials stolen from doctors' cars.

In a Lincolnshire town 4,000 schoolchildren were questioned by an army of detectives and police concerning some missing drugs.

The only way to stop this growing menace are immediate regulations making it an offence for doctors to leave dangerous drugs and poisons out of their close personal keeping. A doctor who "loses" cases of drugs and poisons should be heavily fined.

But the whole of the law concerning the transport of dangerous goods, be they deadly poisons, gases or explosives, requires overhaul.

Most of it was made in 1875. Since those days Science has added an enormous quantity of deadly material to the earth's store, of which our antiquated law takes no account. Enough poison can be carried in a waistcoat pocket to kill a score of people; enough in a lorry to wipe out a whole town.

It is a risk which must be borne no longer. Proper regulations must be made before some avoidable and devastating tragedy occurs to drive the need home.

Famous JUDGE in

LIVERPOOL, third city of Great Britain and the third greatest port in the world, is making a bid for *first* place in the annals of municipal feuds.

For thirteen years a bitter war has been waged between the Merseyside civic authorities and the Recorder of Liverpool, Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C. For thirteen years the feud has been more or less the domestic affair of Liverpool and little has been known of the matter outside the city.

Now it is disclosed by Mr. Hemmerde that he appealed to the Home Secretary, who, in some letters described by the Recorder as of "utter futility," has declined to intervene in the quarrel.

We make no apology, therefore, for discussing what has thus ceased to be a local matter. But quite apart from the fact that the Home Secretary has been invoked, there is the unprecedented nature of this quarrel—the chief law officer, and direct representative of the Crown in a great city, at loggerheads with its council. And there are the many strange events which have marked the unfortunate history of this feud and make it of national interest.

Recorder's privileges

Mr. Hemmerde has held the post of Recorder of Liverpool for twenty-five years. Before his appointment he already had a distinguished career at the Bar as King's Counsel, and as a Member of Parliament.

It is as well to know, in order to get the full implications of the quarrel now proceeding at Liverpool, that the Recordership of a city is an office of great dignity and prestige, carrying with it influential privileges, both financial and social, which are jealously preserved.

The outstanding example is, of course, the Recorder of the City of London, who is at the head of all officers of the city, both in position and salary. But the status of provincial Recorders is not less. The Municipal Corporations Act, 1882 (Section 163), lays it down that the Recorder "shall have precedence in all places within the borough next after the Mayor." In addition there are certain important privileges, particularly financial ones, established by long custom.

It is, for instance, a matter of custom that a Recorder has the representation on litigious questions of subjects which concern the rights or well-being of the area in which he sits.

A city of sufficient size to employ a Recorder always has a considerable amount of litigation constantly going on, both before Parliamentary Committees and before the High Courts; and the sums marked on these briefs make a considerable addition to the salary and emoluments of a Recorder. The expectation of such extra sums would be tacitly part of the attractions of the post.

With these points borne in mind we can now proceed to examine the history of this astounding feud, telling the story "from the documents," as it were. In no case will it be necessary to embellish the story in any way, nor to quote except from the extraordinary correspondence between the parties concerned, and from some of the amazing outbursts made even from the Bench itself by the Recorder.

One of these utterances took place last August when Mr. Hemmerde, on taking his seat as Recorder at the Liverpool Quarter Sessions, explained his absence from the opening of the Mersey Tunnel by the King on July 18 last.

"I was not invited," he said. "On the Saturday before the ceremony a card reached me inviting 'E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., and Lady' to view the ceremony from seats, not on the Royal dais, but from a stand with no official significance whatever . . . this carefully calculated impertinence may, so far as the City of Liverpool is concerned, be regarded as official."

Mr. Hemmerde then proceeded to other statements which, because of their outspokenness, are worth quoting in full, although at the time they secured little prominence in the national Press. He quoted the history of the feud and its beginning.

The "boycott"

He alleged that this ignoring of his position was not an isolated occurrence, but was part of a ceremonial and professional boycott deliberately adopted by the civic authorities in 1921. He then stated that "the reasons for this discreditable policy are, in the main, three:

(1) "In my defence of the Sinn Fein prisoners early in 1921 it was inevitable that I should attempt to discredit some of the evidence of the police.

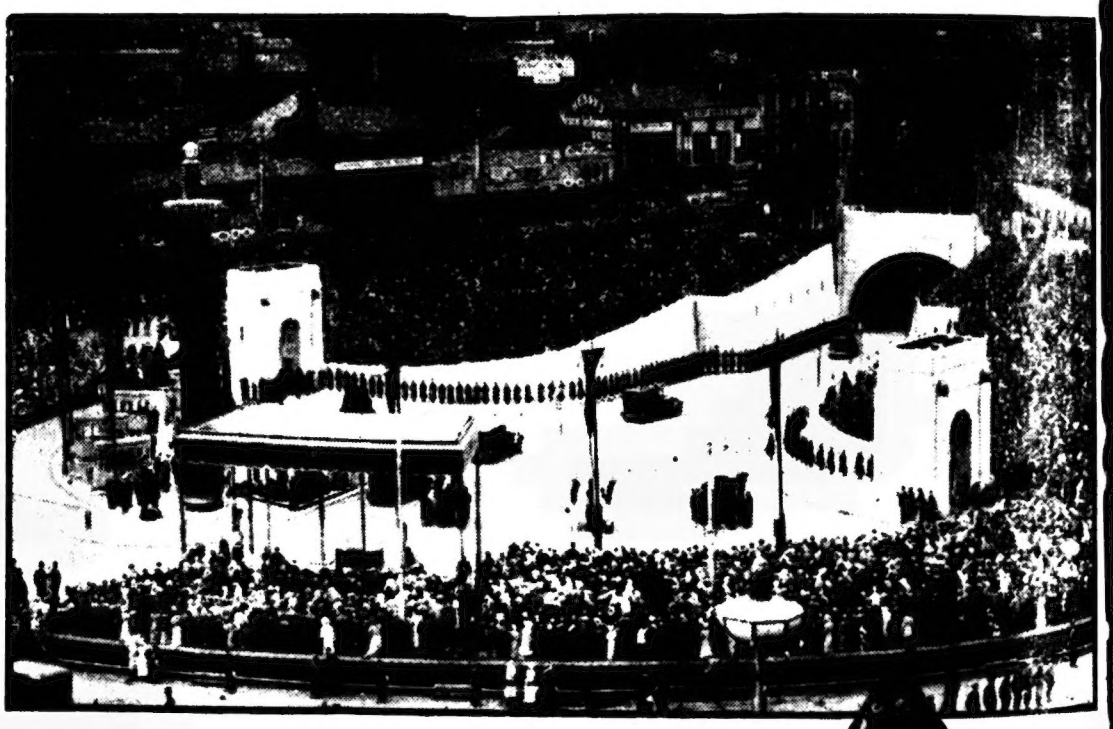
(2) "When a number of men were convicted before me of riots in September, 1921, I refused to allow my judgment of an appropriate sentence to be influenced by the prejudices of a political caucus.

(3) "I felt it my duty to criticise some of the police methods in this case.

"From the day I spoke those words," said Mr. Hemmerde, "I have never been briefed on behalf of the city, and I have never been invited, as Recorder, to any civic function or ceremony other than the Lord Mayor's dinner to Judges of Assize."

Those are grave charges. They are graver still when uttered in such circumstances from the Bench, and certainly deserving of some further action than the few letters and counter-statements which were issued by other officers of the Liverpool Corporation.

The Recorder concluded his



Liverpool's great gala day when the King opened Mersey Tunnel. Mr. Hemmerde was not there . . .

Homely Wisdom —

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

—*By Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

A MAN on trek in South Africa outspanned near a wide gully—a spruit I think the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape call it, the dried bed of a river that only runs in the wet season. On the further side of this hollow space rose precipitous rocky cliffs of considerable height and almost perpendicular.

The traveller stayed some time in the neighbourhood, hunting and prospecting; and every night, looking across from his camp at the wall of rock opposite, he noticed a small but brightly shining light. At first he thought it might be the beam of a candle streaming through the keyhole of a rough homestead, but he soon recollected that this was impossible because of its position half-way up a steep eminence with no foothold.

What puzzled him most was that in the daytime there was no sign of where the light had been, and yet after nightfall it was always visible in the same place.

He took the trouble to go across more than once when the sun was up in order to examine carefully the face of the cliff and see if he could detect where the light came from that never showed except when all around was dark and was at its most brilliant when there was no gleam anywhere else.

But his search was in vain. Nothing could he discern to account for the phenomenon.

At length he solved the problem in an ingenious way. He loaded his rifle with a piece of hard limestone instead of a bullet, aimed at the light, and fired. The light did not go out, and was apparently unaffected by the shot.

Next morning he hastened down to the foot of the cliff and looked up. There, plain enough, was the mark of his limestone projectile.

With difficulty he managed to climb up to it, and, peering closely, discovered that the object that shone in the dark was a stone outwardly the same in appearance as the rest of the cliff. But it happened to be a diamond of marvellously fine lustre, which, when cut and polished, proved to be a gem of purest water and great value.

There is a lesson in this for daily life. Some people are at their best when we are in trouble. There is nothing they will not do for us; they are tender, thoughtful, sympathetic, self-sacrificing, anticipate our every want and minister to it with unfailing patience and devotion. In our darkest hours their very presence is like a light from heaven.

But how strange! No sooner is the danger past than the gracious radiance disappears. Bad temper takes the place of kindly look and loving word. Gone is the self-forgetful ministration, or, if not gone, it is discharged with frown or indifference or discourtesy.

How is it that in so many homes, where the inmates are sincerely attached to one another, rudeness and mutual intolerance are the rule rather than the exception? Politeness is reserved for outsiders; there is none to spare for one's own.

Well, when nerves are ragged and looks are sour, don't forget that the precious jewel of unselfish love is really there. It gave you hope and comfort in your dark hour and would do so again if the dark hour returned. Did you do anything to show that you knew what it was? Are you doing anything now to renew its splendour and make it permanent? You can, you know.

It largely depends upon you to make that human diamond send forth its rays as copiously at all times as in the time of trial and sorrow. Heart speaks to heart: love appreciated kindles joy.

Mr. Hemmerde (in wig) at the unveiling of Liverpool's cenotaph five years ago. This is believed to have been his last "official" public appearance

Amazing FEUD

Thirteen Years' WAR with Liverpool City

MR. E. G. HEMMERDE, K.C., *the Recorder of Liverpool.*

address with a yet more astounding statement:

"For thirteen years I have had to put up with a professional boycott at the hands of the corporation which has cost me thousands of pounds, *merely because I have declined to defend my clients by methods which would ensure their conviction, or to keep silent when, in my opinion, silence will cover up abuses which the Watch Committee do not wish to be disclosed.*"

The italics are ours. In the face of such unprecedented statements from the Bench it is surely impossible to deny the seriousness and the bitterness of this civic feud.

Those statements elicited a reply from Sir Thomas White, the present Conservative leader on the Liverpool Council, accusing the Recorder of being under a misapprehension regarding his right to be present officially at the Royal opening of the Mersey Tunnel, as this function was not controlled by the corporation, but by the Mersey Tunnel Joint Committee. (Mr. Hemmerde answered this by saying that nevertheless the Lord Mayor and Corporation welcomed their Majesties in full civic state headed by the city regalia, the only person omitted being the Recorder, whose place was taken by Sir Thomas White.)

With regard to the professional boycott, Sir Thomas quoted the Town Clerk to the effect that there had been no political interference in the selection of those appointed to represent the corporation's interests in the courts.

Opening shots

The outbursts of the last few weeks and that immediately following the Royal visit to Liverpool are not the only shots that have been fired in this long-drawn-out feud. The opening shots were fired by the then Town Clerk of Liverpool in 1921, when Mr. Hemmerde had written protesting that three cases on which he had been previously consulted by the corporation had been taken away from him.

In his reply the Town Clerk wrote: "... I ought to say that strong exception was taken in the Watch Committee to some attacks alleged to have been made by you on the police during the hearing [of a case in which Mr. Hemmerde appeared for the defence], which were thought to be not justified and unnecessary for the proper conduct of the defence. The circumstance, however, has unquestionably created a bad atmosphere, rightly or wrongly, not favourable to the Recorder."

The next overt action was again apparently on the part of the Liverpool Corporation. In 1924 the King visited Liverpool to open the world-famous cathedral and the Recorder was *not* invited to be present.

"Ugly coincidence"

He at once wrote to the Town Clerk: "It is no doubt nothing but a coincidence that the City Corporation happened to withdraw all their legal work from me immediately after I was following, as I was bound to do, the honourable traditions of the Bar defending certain Sinn Fein prisoners at Liverpool Assizes, and that they have never invited me to be present at any ceremonial occasion since I publicly joined the Socialist Party. Still, it is an ugly coincidence."

Similar action was taken during the visit of the King to Liverpool in 1927 and similar statements and counter-statements followed.

Apparently, and perhaps naturally, the feud was waived on the unveiling of the Liverpool Cenotaph in 1930.

That was, we believe, the last occasion on which Mr. Hemmerde appeared at a public function in Liverpool—and the only one for many years.

The latest shot in this unfortunate business was fired by Mr. Hemmerde. He *was* invited a few weeks ago to a banquet following the presentation of the freedom of the City of Liverpool to Sir Thomas White, Sir Frederick Bowring and Sir James Sexton.

Denunciations

The Recorder replied pointing out that the Town Clerk had been entrusted with duties which are by custom assigned to the Recorder on such all-important civic occasions. He added: "I must decline your invitation to dine with you, which, having regard to all the circumstances, I regard as an impertinence."

Since then has come the refusal of the Home Secretary to intervene in the dispute. But obviously it is one which cannot be left where it is.

The chief protagonist in the feud, Mr. Hemmerde, has always shown himself a wise and courageous fighter as an advocate, a politician and a judge. As a judge his many *obiter dicta* against the barbarous state of the law towards old offenders are well known, and his many acts of wise leniency show that he has the courage of his opinions.

A few months ago, when a man of fifty appeared before him on shop-breaking and habitual criminal charges, Mr. Hemmerde elicited the fact that this man had been convicted since the age of eleven, and that while he was still under the age of twenty-one he had been sent to penal servitude.

The Recorder referred scathingly to "staggering sentences, which in the present state of civilisation would be almost impossible." He sent the man to only four months' imprisonment, saying that he had already been very roughly handled, and that he had had very heavy punishments, far heavier than he would get to-day.

A few weeks earlier a man of sixty-seven came before him on an habitual criminal charge. The police stated that the man had forty-eight convictions, including five terms of penal servitude. In one case he was sent for five years' penal servitude for stealing a shilling. His first conviction was at the age of fifteen, when he was given ten days' imprisonment and sent to a reformatory school for four years. He had never been bound over since his first conviction in 1882.

Charges denied

But Mr. Hemmerde bound him over. His comment was: "The record of this man's sentences is an outrage. His record may be discreditable to him, but it is equally discreditable to the whole administration of justice."

"I desire once more," he said in another case, "to make a protest against the barbaric law which compels me to pass these idiotic sentences against people who are really mental cases."

* * *

The denials of Mr. Hemmerde's charges against the authorities of a great city—of bitter social and professional boycott based on political bias and considerations even worse—are quite definite.

But the issues in the Liverpool feud lie deeper than any merely petty questions of precedence, important in principle as these can sometimes be. Nor is it a domestic matter.

We say emphatically that it should not be left as it is.

"THE WONDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE"—a unique Library of 12 volumes—despatched to you at once by JOHN BULL to celebrate "Jubilee Year." See centre pages.

Your Best Joke is Making us Think

Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to EDDIE CANTOR

MY DEAR EDDIE,—You will be back in Hollywood by the time you see this, thinking with pride of the great reception we gave you in England; glancing, now and then, perhaps, at your stacks of Press cuttings, wondering, possibly, what it was all about.

Well, you may not know it, but in my opinion your chief triumph in England was a victory over the B.B.C.

My wireless had broken down that night. Then, suddenly, it started going. I heard a voice which I recognised as yours, singing a comic song. Then, after a very silly remark by your introducer, something about how he was in trouble with his car or something, you delivered a very serious warning about dangerous driving on the roads, how, in America, it cost one life every 18 minutes, how you had read, only that night, that in the last recorded week, in Britain, there had been 180 lives lost. Then, after that, you suddenly became a comedian again.

Now, I had not intended meeting you. Usually, I regard clowns as clowns, film stars as film stars, much advertised people as much advertised people. . . .

But, hearing this, I took the trouble to go to the Palladium to meet you, to ask you why you had become suddenly so serious. You told me, then—subsequently I was convinced, during our long conversations, that behind your clown's mask was a very serious purpose—that you always used the radio, yes and often your stage appearances, for forcing home a lesson.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Well, the day after we had spent an afternoon together, discussing the most serious subjects in the world, I read how "Mr. Maschwitz of the B.B.C." had actually confessed that he had nearly cut from your turn the very bit that put you over in the eyes of the British public!—yes, the serious part, which caused you to be cartooned right across the country and which, indeed, led to your being invited to meet the Minister of Transport to discuss how road accidents could be avoided!

Yet Broadcasting House nearly cut it out!

"I sat over the script most of the afternoon," confessed "Mr. Maschwitz of the B.B.C.," "wondering whether I dared leave it in or whether listeners would think it sloppy, or grudge being done out of five minutes' fun. In the end, I decided to let it go, as Mr. Cantor was so entirely sincere in everything he said. The effect on the public has been extraordinary."

Surely the B.B.C. should have known that, in America, you are in the habit of discussing, on the air, all sorts of serious matters, and that, in spite of that, or because of that, you, after Will Rogers, are the highest paid of all the radio comedians.

Surely somebody at the B.B.C. knows things like that! It is their business, not mine.

Why, when, a day or two after your broadcast, I addressed at Leeds an anti-Hitler meeting at which speakers belonging to all three political parties spoke, the reading of a telegram you sent me had a more profound effect on the audience than anything that took place that night.

When I told them how you had spoken in thirty-four American towns in thirty-four nights attacking Hitlerism and all its works, and how that, largely in consequence, 75 per cent. of the big department stores in America had banned German goods, a great cheer went up.

Now, your wireless audience, I am certain, would have been much more interested in being told about this from you than in listening to one of your songs, which they have heard in the kinemas and which they can buy on a record.

No, a comedian has to be a comedian. A clown has to be a clown. And that's that.

We all get labelled, and, the moment we do anything that is considered unusual, everybody tries to stop us, forgetting that unusualness is the soul of entertainment, and that, in the artist, the surprising should be expected. He must be a creature of moods, or he is nothing. Now, the film fans gave you a great reception. They cheered you on the Tottenham Hotspurs' ground, as I know, for I was with you. They mobbed you so much in the East End that a wrestler had to come to your rescue. They followed you everywhere.

I saw the other side of you. I heard how you believed seriously that it was a crime to trade with a Germany that would spend the money on making war.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

And I heard you say, after you had told me that, in one American town, a Mayor had actually revived the stocks for naughty motorists, your chief remedy for road accidents was one that was almost startling in its originality.

"*People should drive carefully*," you said.

Now, they have put up a lot of beacons, and they have marked out a lot of crossings, and they have made all sorts of plans. Those words of yours were almost comic in their simplicity.

We must get rid of the idea—mustn't we?—that motorists and pedestrians should always be at war with one another.

Motorists should drive carefully, and pedestrians should look where they are going.

But, unfortunately, we don't think like that, I know, because sometimes I walk along the roads, and sometimes I go in a motor-car.

And I know that, when I am in a motor-car, I hate pedestrians, because they stop me from going more quickly, and yet that, when I am a pedestrian, I hate motorists, because I am afraid they will run me down.

And, really, I am the same being, both in one!

Thinking, occasionally, of the other fellow's point of view might see us through a good many of our conflicts.

You are back in Hollywood now, Eddie. But we shan't forget you.

While you are there, persuade them to make a film that would show the serious side of you.

You are more than a clown. You are a man.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—"I have never come across such hardships as those endured by auxiliary postmen," Judge Allsebrook has just said.

He was commenting on the plight of a Cornishman who, after forty years' service as a rural postman, fell ill. Now better in health, he is poorer in pocket, being engaged as an auxiliary at 16s. 10d. a week—out of which he has to keep his aged mother and a niece.

And he is to be turned out of his house because he can no longer afford the rent!

I know you have promised to improve the status of such half-starved public servants. For pity's sake, don't let it be long before you redeem your promise.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. M. HUNTBACH,
Stoke-on-Trent Coroner

SIR,—I have nothing but contempt for non-stop motorists.

A driver who killed a man slowed down, but then accelerated and drove off. That seemed to you a "very human thing" to do.

And, though he was traced, you did not call him to give evidence, contrary to the jury's wish.

Do you show the same leniency to all non-stop motorists?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. F. G. D. KERR,
Newport, Mon.

DEAR DR. KERR,—Through a shortage of beds in many of our hospitals it is impossible to detain people long enough, when they have head injuries, to show whether they have fractured skulls or not.

"These skull injuries are the ghost in the cupboard of every medical officer," you declare.

Yes, and a ghost in the nation's cupboard, too.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. E. BLIZARD,
Institute of Sanitary Engineers

DEAR PRESIDENT,—You think that a grid scheme for the nation's water supply would cost too much. But have you thought of the cost of the last drought, not only in money but health, and how easily it might have been a hundred times worse but for this wet weather?

How blind that word "cost" makes some people!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN STALLARD,
Mayor of Worcester

YOUR WORSHIP,—So you are at it again. Having stopped late dancing on Boxing Day lest young people should feel tired next day, you have now broken the old tradition that allows Worcester an afternoon drink on its race days.

The fact that you're seventy-seven explains a lot. But haven't you an amusement—not even the catching of butterflies—that somebody can curb for a change?

JOHN BULL.

The LIBRARY COMMITTEE,
Bromley, Kent

DEAR SIRS,—At your next meeting you might refer to one of your own dictionaries and discover what it means to be consistent.

While allowing a Fascist journal to be shown in the public library, you have banned a Communist organ

I agree with neither of the extreme political views they expound, but you have no right to allow one to be heard while muffling the other.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. ALFRED E. CARVER,
Caldecote Hall, Nuneaton

DEAR DOCTOR,—If the parsons of Nuneaton are not wholly devoid of courage, you are in for a hot time.

Talking of a big bottle of eau-de-Cologne that is sold at sixpence, you say, "A man could get drunk on it several times. I know it is done. Even parsons do it."

What! Is a temperance movement needed *inside* the Church?

JOHN BULL.

HARRY HALL,
Whitstable, Kent

HALL,—Obliterating the word "Foreign" on imported eggs you sold them as English new-laid. The difference in the profit was 9d. a dozen, but the difference in the loss to the purchaser is more than that, particularly in one case where new-laid eggs were wanted for an invalid child.

Your methods are "foreign" to the general run of tradesmen, and amply deserve your sentence of three months' hard labour.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. T. P. P. POWELL,
Hereford Quarter Sessions

DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN,—Despite a protest, you refuse to consult your fellow-magistrates when deciding cases. That is entirely a matter for the chairman, you assert, unless there is a doubt in the case!

Otherwise, I suppose, they are there just as ornaments.

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
West Hartlepool P.A.C.

GENTLEMEN,—The scandal of pensioned policemen taking on well-paid jobs is bad enough, but it is surpassed by the public assistance officer who has so much spare time that he can do other work.

You have rightly declined to allow one of your officials to continue an agency, and there is need for other public bodies to come to the same decision.

One man, one job, should be the rule in these days.

JOHN BULL.

LORD EDWARD MONTAGU,
Maidenhead

MY LORD,—For careless driving—which resulted in the death of a woman—you have been fined thirty guineas and your licence suspended for two years.

I am relieved to hear of that disqualification, still more relieved to have the assurance of the magistrate, Sir Gervais Rentoul, that dangerous motorists will be sent to jail "regardless of their social position or circumstances."

Too often in the past has there been the suspicion that an offender has got off because of his rank or wealth.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. A. MACDONALD, Fleet Street, London: "Parliament real danger to Christian faith," you think. Then cut adrift from State; don't object to control while enjoying its help.—JOHN BULL.

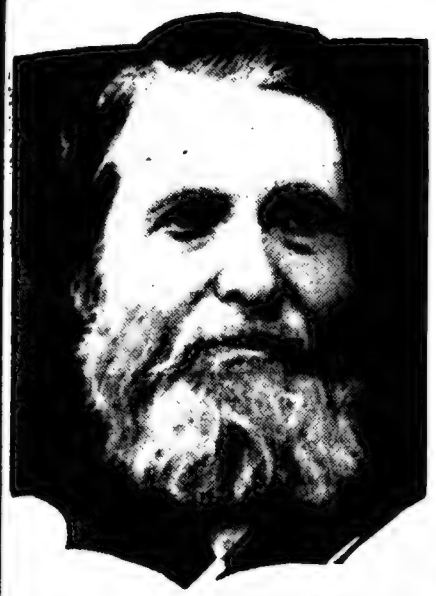
D. WALTON and E. SWALWELL,
Sunderland

BULLIES,—Emulating the methods of American gangsters, you brutally assaulted a boy you suspected of "squealing" to the police and left him lying unconscious in a back lane.

"We had been looking for him for a week, intending to bash him," you admitted.

Yet you were merely fined £5! Had I been on the Bench you would have been taken "for a ride"—to the nearest jail.

JOHN BULL



"Kept in cotton wool"—John Ruskin

Is *the* Only Child A MENACE?

by

A. G. GARDINER

Queen Victoria was an only child.

What else could you expect from Byron's mother?

IF we want our flesh to creep in these days we have only to turn to the scientists. They have always some new nightmare vision to keep us shuddering through the day and fearful through the night.

Not long ago the popular bogy was that the coal measures were reaching the point of exhaustion and that the world would soon be left shivering beside the expiring embers of its last coal fire. Then the descent of a new ice age that would wipe out our civilisation was held to be on its way. Now we are told by the astronomers that the universe is running down like an eight-day clock without any visible means of being wound up again.

He has arrived

In whatever direction we look doom awaits us The miracle is that with so many horrors ahead we remain tolerably cheerful, take our regular meals, play our game of bridge with zest, drift into the "pictures," cudgel our brains over cross-word puzzles, speculate about the next Derby, and wonder whether Hauptmann will be taken to the electric chair or will walk out a free man.

The latest of these prophets of doom is Dr. H. Crichton-Miller, the psychologist. He has been talking to the Association of Public Schoolmasters at Harrow and has been telling them how "the wreck of civilisation" is really coming about. We are not going to be wiped out by war. We are not going to be buried under an ice cap. We are not going to be knocked to bits by a comet. We are to perish by the hand of the "only child." One of the things, he says, which will "ultimately wreck our civilisation" will be when we have a House of Commons, a Cabinet, and editors of newspapers who are all only sons or only daughters. The problem of the small family is not only a problem of economics. It is a problem of psychology. The only child is a menace.

Before considering whether the only child is such an *enfant terrible* as Dr. Crichton-Miller thinks, let us admit that he has arrived. A wave of birth-control is sweeping the earth. It is sweeping it nowhere more thoroughly than in this country.

Strange happenings

Fifty years ago our birth-rate was 34 per 1,000 of the population. To-day it is 15 per 1,000. *It has fallen by two-thirds in half a century.* And it is still falling.

So in most countries, more or less. Germany has fallen from 37 to 17, Australia from 36 to 19, Sweden from 29 to 15, and so on. Italy is the only country in Europe which now has a birth-rate of over 25.

In the yellow and coloured world of Asia, of course, things are different. Japan still piles up a vast surplus of births, and in India and China babies grow "like asparagus in May." If the tendency continues, and the white race fades as the yellow increases, there will be strange happenings.

So far the significance of this tremendous phenomenon has been obscured by another fact. That is the concurrent fall in the death-rate. In the same fifty years we have reduced our deaths by nearly a half, from 20 to 11 per 1,000. Up to the present the decline in our output of babies has been off-set by the increasing reluctance of people to die.

But the death-rate has now reached bed-rock, and the fall in the birth-rate goes on. We have touched our population peak and are about to begin the descent. We are going to have fewer people and older people.

Big family unknown

Whether that will be a good thing or a bad thing the future will disclose. The point now is that the "only child" has arrived and has apparently come to stay. Babies have become as unfashionable in these "realistic" days as love lyrics. Both belonged to the romantic tradition that perished with Victoria.

Fifty years ago a family of ten was a commonplace. It was not a thing to be ashamed of. It was a thing to be proud of. To-day such a thing is, broadly speaking, unknown. If it occurs it is regarded as a social outrage. Even the possession of six children will evoke indignant reprobation from the Bench.

The modern view of babies is illustrated by the lady in *Punch*: "And how is your dear little baby, Mrs. Gaymes?" asks the old-fashioned hostess. "Splendid!" says Mrs. Gaymes. "He isn't cutting *nearly* so much now into my bridge."

It is not the social menace of the famine in babies that distresses Dr. Crichton-Miller. It is the character of the "only child" that fills him with dismay, and in his judgment threatens to "wreck our civilisation."

"Bad hats"

He is disturbed by the psychology of the modern child, and looks with alarm to the time, now imminent, when he will be in the seats of the mighty. He "demands gratification without effort," and I gather is subject to all sorts of "infirmities and deviations from the normal in children."

This indictment of the "only child" as a public danger has set me investigating the facts about him in the past. I don't know that the facts, so far as I have gone, are very decisive one way or the other. To take a few examples on the debit side. Among our monarchs, James I was an only child and I think we shall all agree an unpleasant specimen, though in view of the circumstances of his childhood it would have been a miracle if he had been otherwise. Byron was another "bad hat"; but, again, with such a mother what else could be expected?

On the other hand, Queen Victoria was an only child, and on the whole must be reckoned as an asset on the contra side of the account. Isaac Newton was an only child whom Dr. Crichton-Miller would admit was not exactly a danger to society. So was Ruskin, so was Robert Louis Stevenson, so was Thackeray, so were many more whom the judgment of time has declared to have been "on the side of the angels." It is true, no doubt, that the solitary child is at a disadvantage which prejudices him as a social animal. He is in danger of being over-coddled (as Ruskin was) and made feverish and unfit for the rough contacts of life. He is driven too much in upon himself and becomes introspective. He is liable to be over-praised and to become a prig.

There is no doubt, I think, that the old Victorian houseful of children was the best preparation for the rough-and-tumble of life. It taught us to take hard knocks to our vanity and our selfishness. It reminded us quite rudely and frankly that others had rights as well as ourselves. It gave us lessons in give-and-take and in social relationships which took off the edge of the wind when we went out into the world.

Cotton wool

But though this is true, I don't think the only child is a menace to our civilisation. If he is alone and petted in his home, he is soon put in his place at school and in the playing field. The trouble with Ruskin was that he was kept in cotton wool until he was grown up. But that experience is rare.

There is no need to lie awake o' nights dreading the mischief that the "only child" is destined to do. All the same I think he starts with a heavy handicap and would be better and certainly happier for being provided with a brother and sister

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NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Granny is *So* Stubborn!

HOW doth the little busy bee
The shining hours employ?
If she's a health inspector, she
Descends on humble homes to see
That ev'ry girl and boy
Is trained to eat and sleep and play
In quite a scientific way!

But as the busy bee makes clear
Each new hygienic plan,
Old Grannie is but moved to sneer;
She simply does not wish to hear
How she by suction can,
If taught by Science how to act,
The juices from an egg extract!

If there is one person the average health visitor dislikes it is Grandmamma. This was made plain by the attitude toward the old lady adopted by health visitors attending a winter school at Bedford College, Regent's Park.

"I will take off my hat to anybody who can teach anything to a grannie among the poorer classes," declared Dr. D. H. Geffen—a remark received with sympathetic applause by his colleagues.

In the eyes of health visitors Grannie figures as an obstinate old cuss who, left to herself, would try to cure infantile ailments with a mixture compounded of "Eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog," like that brewed by the witches in *Macbeth*.

Grannie's own attitude is that she reared a family without outside advice, and what was good enough for her children is good enough for her grandchildren. "They tell mothers to pay no attention to 'new-fangled nonsense,' which is how they describe our advice," complains Miss L. M. O'Kell.

Doubtless the world has altered since grandmamma's young days. But has it altered so much that a childless spinster, when given an official status, automatically acquires a knowledge of child-rearing superior to that possessed by the mother of many children?

But if Grannie looks upon the health visitor as an interfering busybody, Grannie herself is regarded in much the same light in not a few households.

Many a young mother, capable of holding her own with official Nosey Parkers, wilts before the tyranny of a grandmamma who considers that by mere effluxion of time she has been endowed with all earthly wisdom.

In families throughout the land,
A comfort or affliction,
She lends an ever-helping hand—
Or causes endless friction!
Her knowledge of all infant ills
Is really most uncanny;
For there're no plasters, potions, pills
Beyond the ken of Grannie!

Yes, Grannie knows a thing or two—
But rarely half as much as
She thinks she knows! Just what to do
On all occasions, such as
A birth, betrothal, or a crisis in your peace conjugal,
She'll tell you—for with her advice
Dear Grannie's never frugal!

There're times when for her help we flee,
And then her skill amazes;
But there are also times when we
Could wish she'd go to blazes!
Combining in herself the rôles
Of doctor, Judge and Nannie,
The dearest of all dear old souls—
Or Life's prize bore—is Grannie!

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No. SP. 486. A handsomely built Lounge Suite in modern design of imposing appearance and sturdy construction. Well sprung and upholstered in Hide effect Rexine with studded arms. Seats fitted with well-filled cushions in velveteen. **Settee,** 52ins. wide, **52/6. Easy Chair,** 29ins. wide, **35/-.**

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SETTEE 4 GNS.

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The DUD PRINCE MILO

"His Royal Highness Prince Milo of Montenegro"—but his father called him Milo Petrovitch

HE pretends to be a Royal Prince in exile . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

. . . writes as an authority on European politics . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

. . . gains entry to exclusive society functions and receives the homage of titled people . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

. . . YET HE IS AN IMPOSTOR!

☆

HARD on the heels of our sensational exposure of the impostor who calls himself "Prince Charles Louis of Hapsburg-Lorraine-Bourbon," the truth concerning an even more brazen adventurer has come to light.

He calls himself "His Royal Highness Prince Milo of Montenegro," and his romantic personality has set many Society hearts astir in recent months.

The author of a number of newspaper articles, in which the claims of the former sovereign state of Montenegro have been set forth, Prince Milo boasts relationship with the Queen of Italy.

He claims to be the nephew of the late King Nicholas of Montenegro; and if he is to be believed, his mother is Princess Chane. According to his story, he was exiled from his native country in the year 1919.

He has, at any rate, gained entry to the highest society circles in this country. When Lord Cushendun died some months ago, Prince Milo was among the official mourners, gaining mention in distinguished company among those present.

He also secured an invitation to sit among the guests of honour at a dinner in the memory of Lord Nelson on Trafalgar Day. He has been received in the houses of well-known people on the strength of his own misrepresentation.

"Milo of Montenegro" has succeeded in gathering about him a following of ardent admirers in whose luxurious cars he is driven from one function to another in fitting state.

They curtseyed

An admiral who knows the truth about him was astonished the other day to find titled women whose names are famous, giving precedence to this spurious prince. It says a lot for "Prince Milo's" powers that certain ladies in London society have been in the habit of curtseying in his presence.

We have never come across a humbug whose masquerade was more complete. Soon after his arrival in London some three years ago, Milo was announced in the columns of a Sunday newspaper as being a "King without a Throne."

Articles from his pen, containing highly inflammable material, were circulated among editors and journalists of standing and repute, many of which were published in all good faith.

According to himself, he is neither so foolish nor so selfish as to claim that the restoration of the independence of Montenegro is the only measure required to "restore peace in Europe."

But he has proclaimed in as many words that the Balkans are at "flash-point." He is not an alarmist, yet he describes the corner of Europe of which he is native as a "powder-house."

Assassination foretold

Nothing more sensational has appeared in the public Press in recent years.

Milo did not hesitate to describe himself as heir to the throne. According to his story, sixty thousand patriots scattered in all parts of the world were at his back. A great bid was to be made to restore the monarchy in Montenegro, where two rifles were available for every man.

In one of his articles Prince Milo foretold the assassination of King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia.

None who have read the effusions published under the name of "Prince Milo of Montenegro" can doubt but that the adventurer is well-informed on the politics of Central Europe.

During the months that followed the announcement of his arrival in London, Milo was received at ceremonies, widely fêted. From a modest boarding-house in Earl's Court, London, he emerged to move, a dazzling figure, into the arena of social life.

Early in his career in the rôle of "Prince" he emerged in native costume, bedecked with orders and decorations, and was "shot" by a Press photographer. Many well-known people received him into their homes.

A society woman who afforded Milo her wholehearted support, gave it because he "looks like a prince should be"; and she is only one of a number who have been duped by him.

In a weekly journal he published a full-page story, pleading for the support of Britain in her "historic rôle" as champion of oppressed people.

For some little time Milo moved, an honoured guest, from one stately home to another. He was entertained continuously, and at least one titled woman became infatuated with him.

His photograph was published in various newspapers, he gained a certain amount of popularity, but there came a day when he found himself "financially embarrassed."

He borrowed thirty pounds from a wealthy man on the pretence of going to America, but although months have passed since then, he is still in London.

Milo's next move was to borrow fifty pounds from a person interested in his native country, but this loan has not been repaid.

Various people now complain that Milo has failed to honour his obligations in the matter of settling his debts. And complaints have been laid before the police at Scotland Yard.

When a woman was about to become engaged to "His Royal Highness Prince Milo of Montenegro," interested relatives made enquiry of the minister for Jugo-Slavia in this country.

The Legation found it necessary later to issue an official disclaimer to the effect that her royal lover was "in no way justified in assuming the title of Prince."

As a prophet Milo was without honour in the land of his origin. Neither he nor his family could be traced in any recognised work of reference. "He is not a member of the royal family," the declaration briefly reads.

But even this damning proclamation did not prevent the adventurous Milo from visiting a notable function at Olympia, where he succeeded in getting himself named among ambassadors and recognised foreign ministers.

At one time his name appeared in the lists of both British and foreign nobles with monotonous regularity; and it is true to say that no romantic figure appearing in post-war London has attracted more notice than the pseudo claimant to the throne of the "gallant little kingdom of Montenegro."

What then is the truth about this romantic visitor from the Continent, who has travelled in America, in Egypt and in Italy, and now looks like settling down in this country?

We are able to reveal that he was connected with a firm of herbalists in Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A., a year or two back. His mother is not a princess, and never has been.

Plain Mr. Petrovitch

He is registered as an alien, as plain Mr. Milo Petrovitch, and it was only after he had been in London for some little time that he assumed the title of "Prince."

The designation of "His Royal Highness" was adopted afterwards, and in support of his claim he held forth that his real name was Petrovitch-Nyegush, by which name the original royal house of Montenegro is known.

It is true that Milo's name is actually Milo Petrovitch, but he is the son of a Customs-house official on the Montenegrin frontier.

He is also an impostor whose activities in this country should be officially investigated.

The village of Nyegush or "Niegush" is one of some 300 inhabitants, where the late King of Montenegro was born. And so Milo has lent colour to the story he has freely told.

The name Petrovitch is as common in the Balkans as is Smith in England, Jones in Wales, or Campbell in the Highlands of Scotland.

His plea that he has been exiled is an empty one, for he is free to return to his native land whenever he chooses.

OUR JUBILEE YEAR ANNOUNCEMENT

ONE of the greatest services ever rendered to its readers by JOHN BULL is announced on the centre pages of this issue. It is a service for the benefit of the children which represents a big and invaluable contribution to national education.

To celebrate this historic "Jubilee Year," JOHN BULL is giving every parent, uncle, aunt, big brother and sister amongst its millions of readers an opportunity to secure a magnificent £250,000 12-volume Library—THE WONDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE—a Library that has been compiled by over 100 eminent editors.

Illustrated with over 15,000 wonderful pictures, and comprising some 6,000 large pages and over 3,500,000 words, this treasury of all knowledge can be yours, for a child you love, under a Presentation arrangement that seems incredible.

But first, because it is impossible in one announcement to do anything like justice to THE WONDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE, JOHN BULL asks you to apply at once for a Free copy of the THE WONDERLAND BOOK—a large-size 28-page book which tells you all about the 12-volume Library.

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When you receive THE WONDERLAND BOOK, JOHN BULL will, at the same time, present you with a Golden Voucher, which entitles you to secure the complete 12-volume WONDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE Library—*despatched to you at once simply on a first payment of 5s.*

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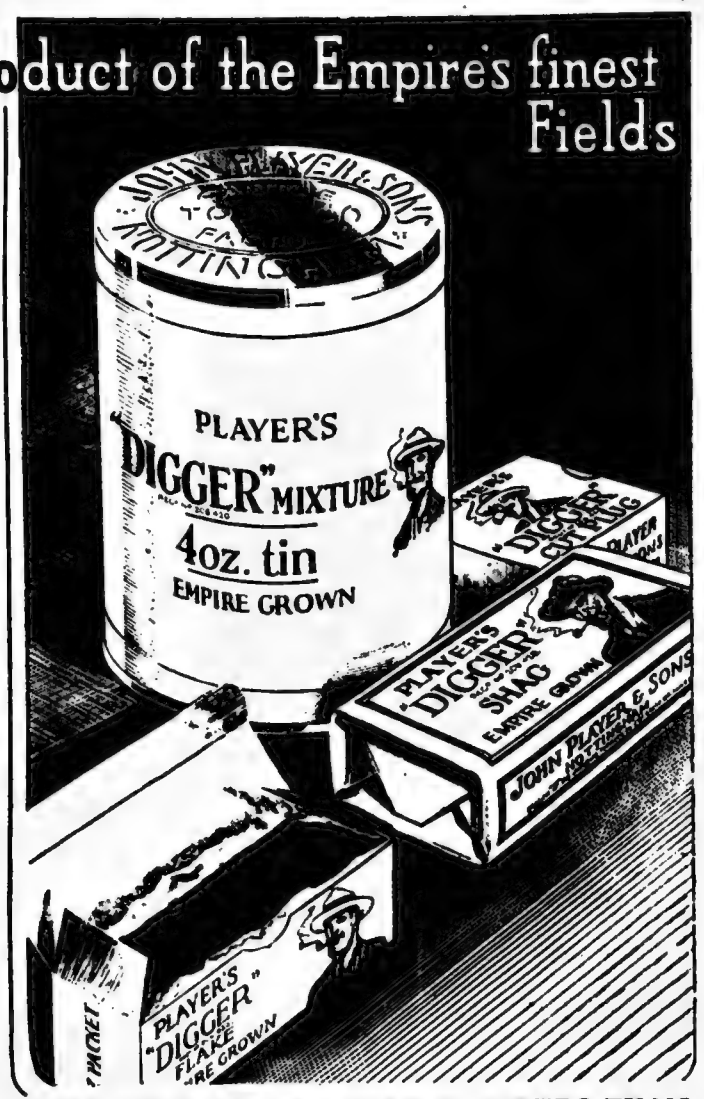

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COUGH SYRUP

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WEEKLY INFORMATIONS
from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Strange Doings AT A Doctor's House

"This extraordinary business is carried on from the private address of a retired doctor"—here it is, in Manchester Road, Southport

PREPOSTEROUS promises are always a "selling line" of the quack medical practitioner—promises on the one hand and, on the other, a suggestive picture of the terrible things which may happen unless the particular treatment or "cure" is not purchased.

My attention has lately been called to one of these supposedly medical organisations that makes exceptionally bold and also dangerous declarations.

It is the Nerv-Manna Laboratories or, alternatively, the Nerv-Manna Institute, of Manchester Road, Southport, Lancashire.

These "laboratories" profess to have a remarkable remedy for nerve and brain disorders. "Revitalise your nerves and brain. Look and feel ten to twenty years younger" is their slogan.

Literature issued by the "laboratories" makes the widest claims. Thus I learn that unnamed doctors and scientists are astonished at the ease with which nerve, brain power and vitality are replenished by the new Nerv-Manna treatment.

One doctor and/or scientist—the public is told—writes that the treatment will "add years to the average span of life." While another doctor and/or scientist declares that it is "the most wonderful medical discovery of recent years."

"And the sooner"—states the literature—"you begin the treatment the earlier you will be numbered among those who look and feel twenty years younger."

"Horrible future"

Apparently one has only to start the treatment soon enough and never grow up at all. They will make an indefinite number of Peter Pans (for adequate payment) at the Nerv-Manna Laboratories.

Of course, if the nerve or brain sufferer does *not* patronise the "laboratories" then a horrible future is likely; for example, "hallucinations, suicidal thoughts and, in many cases, INSANITY"—the last word in alarming capital letters.

The "laboratories" display a commendable anxiety to sell "the most wonderful medical discovery of recent years."

Enquirers who write to the address in Manchester Road, Southport, are informed in a letter, signed by a Mr. W. H. Wyse (described as the principal), that: "The price of the full treatment is £2, and this includes valuable advice on your diet and general health, but in order to help you further I will reduce my fee to 25s."

Should that "special reduced-price offer" fail to attract there are follow-up letters, and eventually the price is cut to £1—"£2 value for £1 only." For an outlay of twenty shillings you are to become twenty years young—a shilling for each year of added life. A sort of bargain basement in health treatment.

Whether this particular specific is worth while at any price is a matter for the judgment of the public after the disclosures I am able to make.

Investigations carried out by one of my representatives at Southport are interesting.

"Nerv-Manna Laboratories"—the title conjures up the picture of a building with research work in progress and well-organised production of the wonderful treatment.

But actual fact is far removed from that picture. The headquarters office of the "laboratories" is a semi-detached private house in a quiet residential road.

There are no out-buildings and no laboratories of any kind.

The house is the residence of an elderly retired Irish doctor, Mr. George Hamilton Wyse, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., and of his daughter, Miss Olive Wyse. Large parcels of letters, addressed to the "Nerv-Manna Laboratories," are delivered at this private house regularly. They are the letters of patients and enquirers.

My representative interviewed Miss Wyse, who stated that the business was directed by her brother, a chemist, who lived in London and worked from an office address in Piccadilly.

The retired doctor had nothing whatever to do with this advertising medical business, except—as Miss Wyse said: "He occasionally writes letters to assist me."

All the correspondence and all the despatch of treatment is carried out by Miss Wyse. She is really the working partner of the business. She admits that she has no medical qualifications.

What happens is this:—Mr. M. H. Wyse, son of a doctor, and himself a qualified chemist, the real proprietor of this strange commercial enterprise, writes the propaganda literature and the advertisements, and also buys—as requirements make it necessary—the "treatment" from various manufacturing chemists.

Made-up packets of the "treatment" are sent from the manufacturers to the house in Manchester Road, Southport, and from there despatched again to purchasers by Miss Wyse.

It appears to be a very roundabout and curious method of treating sufferers—but, after all, the ways of the quack medical institute are beyond the understanding of ordinary men.

Some importance attaches to the tablets which compose the treatment. They are of three different kinds, and one of the appropriate kind has to be taken after each meal. Tablet "A" after breakfast; tablet "B" after luncheon; and tablet "C" after dinner.

On no account must the sequence of tablets "A," "B" and "C" be confused.

If you mix your tablets, you miss your chance of adding twenty years to your life; your nerves may be as distressing as ever, and your brain a handicap.

My representative was assured by Miss Wyse that all the testimonials concerning the value of the treatment were genuine.

But she added this information: "We were approached by some agency in London, who said they would get us all the testimonials we wanted, but, of course, we would not have anything to do with that sort of thing.

Forty years younger!

"Some of our customers buy a second course of the treatment, they are so pleased."

Therefore, there must be people in England to-day, who—if they justify the propaganda—are looking forty years younger than they really are, by reason of "Nerv-Manna."

One is left to speculate as to what might happen to any individual adventurous enough to swallow three treatments!

Enquiry at Somerset House shows that "Nerv-Manna" is registered as a business name, with the proprietor Moncton Herbert Wyse, of 180, Piccadilly, London. The object of the undertaking is set down as "medical treatment."

So the position is this:—There is a chemist, who professes to treat serious ailments through the post by some prescription of his own which is manufactured by wholesalers. He has as his chief assistant his sister, who deals with all correspondence. This despite that the literature of "Nerv-Manna" bears the statement:—

"All letters in confidence to the Principal."

And apart from everything else, this extraordinary business is carried on from the private address of a retired doctor.

Fantastic claims

The claims of the Nerv-Manna Laboratories would be described as fantastic by any registered, orthodox medical man. They are ridiculous in the extreme.

I have emphasised, times without number, the incalculable harm which is caused by these pseudo-medical commercial firms masquerading as "clinics," "institutes" and "laboratories" when they set out to treat grave disorders by post.

In the case of Nerv-Manna Laboratories, of Manchester Road, Southport, the laboratories do not exist. The whole affair is simply a means of selling goods by mail order; and pretending to treat nerve and brain troubles through the post.

This story from Southport strengthens the need which I have so strenuously urged in JOHN BULL for an immediate amendment of the law concerning medical "quacks."

JEWELLERS, BEWARE!

ANOTHER bogus doctor is victimising traders in the Midlands. This man, smartly dressed, and very professional in his manner, calls at jewellers' shops, stating that he is on the staff of the local hospital and wishes to make a present to two nurses who assisted him in a difficult operation.

He chooses goods, and tenders in payment a post-office money-order, which is for a greater amount than the cost of the articles. He receives his purchases and change, and leaves.

Later, the money-order is discovered, on presentation, to be a clever forgery.

At Leicester recently, this fellow secured by this fraud two gold wristwatches and £2 in cash from a jewellery firm in Waterloo Street. The man is about forty years of age; height 5 ft. 10 in.; round face and fresh complexion.

THE NEW INVASION

THE county of Essex is rich in historical associations, yet grim poverty is all too frequently the rule in the villages scattered along the East Anglian ridge.

There are Roman remains at Colchester, there are Saxon churches and Norman castles: there are ancient priories at Monks Colne and at Castle Hedingham.

A cottage in the last-named village has been vacant and in ruins since the year of the Great Plague. The *Saxon Chronicle* recorded the victory of Essex men over Beornwulf, King of Mercia, as long ago as the year A.D. 835. The men of Essex prepared to receive both Napoleon and the German Emperor.

But in recent years great new towns have sprung up, at Becontree, Ilford and at Dagenham. An invasion quite different in character from all former invasions has taken place.

Thousands of city folks now dwell in places made famous by Hereward the Wake and King Seldred. They have brought with them different customs and new ideas. It will be interesting to watch the changes that surely will come about. May we hope for better houses, better roads, and a steady improvement in general conditions? That is not too much to expect, for progress is now afoot. Although allowance must be made for the frailties of human nature.

We know of a Dagenham man who has already made provision for many acts of providence. His wife's health broke down not long ago, and she had to be sent away to hospital, where it was found she had contracted diphtheria.

He was put to considerable expense and was in desperate need, but he was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and thus due to receive Sickness Benefit under our Free Insurance Scheme.

"Thank you for your timely and generous assistance," he writes, and he recommends *you* to sign the coupon to

be found no page 2.

OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,

When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine.

Later you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but still later, you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women.

Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment.

Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father?

We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them.

There are some people who manufacture an article and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that; we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity.

If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or, better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours Sincerely,

CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION?

IF SO, YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR

Just try it for yourself, trace or draw the outline and then put in the features.

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc.

60 per cent. of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists" who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw **what is wanted,** but how to make buyers **want what you draw.** Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full-time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists—there is no limit to the possibilities.

Let us send full particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Art Dept. 31.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

Unless you are in touch with all branches of industry, you cannot see the possibilities of employment, but with our gigantic organisation we are in touch with every sphere of activity, and we know that in many trades and professions there are more vacancies than there are trained men to fill them.

We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but we certainly are in a position to give fatherly advice on all careers and the possibility of employment therein.

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- Police, Special Course
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- Pumps and Pumping Machinery
- Radio Service Engineering
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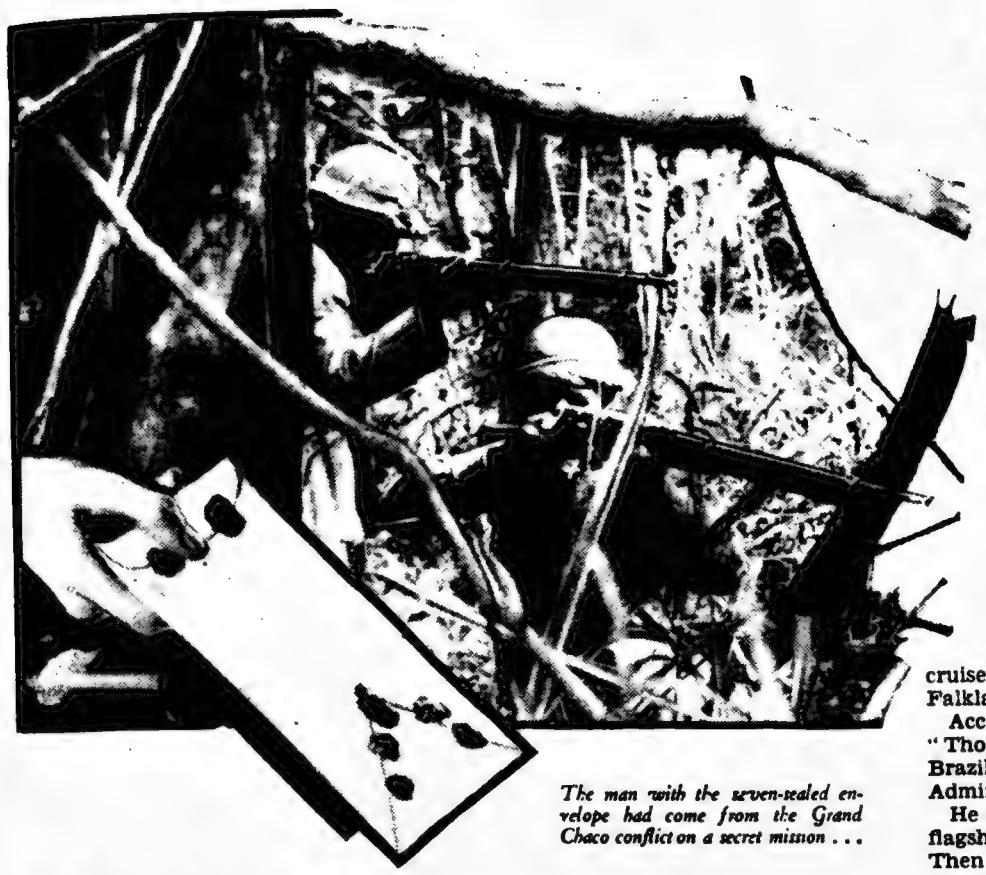
SWINDLER OF THE Seven Seals



The man with the seven-sealed envelope had come from the Grand Chaco conflict on a secret mission . . .

ONE of the most picturesque and accomplished rogues who ever lived by his wits and the deception of others is now travelling England and working a particular fraud of his own—the "Secret Letter Swindle."

In his dishonest way this fellow is a skilled craftsman, a master of detail and a wonderful romancer. The care he takes over each separate fraud and the ingenuity he displays bring him into a special high class of modern robbers.

Everything he says and does is calculated to impress the unwary. Diplomatic relationships between Great Britain and foreign nations would be endangered if his confidence was abused. For he is the trusted agent of a South American Republic. In his power lies the granting of important concessions and valuable orders.

The story of one of his latest exploits gives a fine indication of his method and achievement

Scene of the operations: the private residence at Pinner, Middlesex, of a textile manufacturer; director of a company with offices in the City of London and the North.

Time: Boxing Day.

A caller came to the house that morning, asked for the manufacturer and sent in his card: "Major G. Thornton, D.S.O."

When he was received, "Major Thornton"—a stoutly built man in late middle life, well dressed and presentable—was profuse in his apologies for calling during the holidays on a purely business matter.

But the short time he had at his disposal and the immense amount of work he had to get through would, he felt, excuse his presumption.

Secret mission

Early that day he had arrived at Southampton from South America, with his young daughter, had journeyed to London, and was staying at the Savoy Hotel.

His very first duty, after booking rooms at the hotel and leaving his daughter there, was to come out to see the manufacturer. He had not the faintest idea of the best way of reaching Pinner, so had driven out from the Strand by taxi-cab. He had experienced some difficulty in finding the house, and, while making enquiries, had dismissed his cab.

After that preliminary "Major Thornton" came to business. He was, he explained, agent for the Brazilian Government—attached to the Brazilian secret service—and had come to England to make extensive contracts for Brazil. Incidentally, he mentioned that he was the brother of the late Sir Henry Thornton, once the manager of the old Great Eastern Railway and later the head of the Canadian National Railways.

His mission in going to Pinner was simply to get into touch with a Mr. W. —— (a co-director of the Pinner resident living in Holywell, Flintshire). And "Major Thornton" went to some pains to give personal facts concerning Mr. W. ——.

From his pocket "Major Thornton" produced a long envelope, elaborately sealed in seven places, addressed to Mr. W. —— at Holywell, and marked: "By the personal favour of Major Thornton, D.S.O. Not to be sent by post or air mail."

The spy

"I want you," said the "Major," "to assure me that this letter shall be given into the hands of Mr. W. —— either when you see him yourself or by means of a messenger whom you can trust. It contains vital and secret information which he should have in relation to contracts. It must not be sent by post."

A suggestion was made that it would be well, in the unusual circumstances, if "Major Thornton" spoke to Mr. W.—— by telephone. To this "Thornton" readily agreed.

"Perhaps you will remember me," said the "Major" over the telephone, when I recall that on one occasion we sat together at a luncheon of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce and discussed certain matters."

He explained about the sealed and secret letter, and went on to declare that he should want the firm to supply for use in the Brazilian army 120,000 single blankets.

Naturally questions were asked by the host during the interview about "Major Thornton" and his experiences in the South American Republic.

The uninvited visitor was free with all kinds of information. For example, he affirmed that he first went to Brazil as a young British naval cadet and was transferred to the Brazilian navy. Later he married a daughter of the then President of the Republic and settled in the country.

Through the years of the war he served as a British secret service officer and was given the rank of "Major." His Distinguished Service Order, he explained, was gained in a remarkable way, for supplying information which led to the destruction of the German cruiser squadron at the Battle of the Falkland Islands.

According to the story he told, "Thornton" was at sea, disguised, in a Brazilian fishing vessel, and came across Admiral Graf von Spee and his fleet.

He actually went aboard the German flagship *Scharnhorst* and sold fish. Then he learned the plans of the admiral and was able to send code wireless messages to Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, which enabled the British battle cruisers to catch the enemy.

Of course, all this fantastic stuff was "background" for the "Major's" real project—to secure money from his host.

Eventually, after he had been entertained to lunch, he happened to mention—quite casually—that he had rushed away from the Savoy Hotel with little money in his pocket and all his loose cash had been given to the taxi-driver.

Could the manufacturer oblige him with a temporary loan to see him back to town? A few pounds would be sufficient and he would repay it the following week, after he had been to Paris and had left his daughter at her French school.

The money was handed over—fortunately only a small sum—and the "Major" made his adieu, full of thanks for the hospitality, the loan and the use of a car to take him to the station.

Later that day the manufacturer rang up the Savoy Hotel to speak to "Major Thornton" in reference to the sealed letter. The information came back that no such person was staying there, neither was he known.

Then the envelope was opened and the secret documents it contained were found to be *two pages from a London evening newspaper!*

We have given these particulars relating to the mock Major at some length, because they illustrate his typical style. Always he is the supposed accredited representative placing lucrative contracts for some far-away foreign Government. Invariably he uses the device of the sealed letter, which must be handed to a person intimately associated with his prospective victim. Then, by some plausible excuse or other, he picks up as much money as he can.

His recent "earnings" in this way have varied from £1 to £25, and as he works quickly and moves from place to place, his total receipts are considerable.

His knowledge of names and of firms engaged in different industries are gained from the "Directory of Directors" and various trade text-books.

Our investigations show that "Major Thornton" is urgently wanted by the police in many districts.

Just before Christmas he gained substantial sums from firms in the East End of London. To them he posed as the representative of the Bolivian Government, sent to London to purchase medical and hospital stores for use in the war against Paraguay.

Another of his achievements was an attempt to open up negotiations for the purchase of an obsolete British war vessel for a South American Government and to raise money on the strength of this commission.

Many aliases

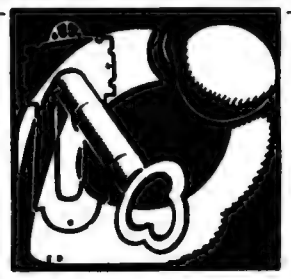
Before this he was in Sussex as "Commander Douglas Hamilton" and obtained money fraudulently from the director of an oil company by using the sealed letter device.

The real name of this scoundrel is Gordon Wilson, but he adopts an infinite variety of aliases, among them "Commander Champion de Crespigny," "Major de Crespigny," "Captain Arthur Harrison," "Major William Alexander" and "Colonel Childs."

A long list of convictions are recorded against the man, but between his prison terms he persistently lives on trickery.

He last came under our notice three years ago, and our exposure considerably restricted his adventures.

We shall be glad to learn that he is safely in the hands of the police again, for he is a pest and a menace to society.



The KEY

THE HUMAN MACHINE

A RATHER curious thing is happening these days. While everyone is bent on putting more and more facilities for education within the reach of everybody, more and more people are realising that to fill heads with masses of facts is not of any particular use.

People who have turned their brains into overcrowded "fact-boxes" are rather dreadful. They are nearly always unpractical and useless. They are frequently "superior" and, not seldom, insufferable.

Piles of knowledge in the head and real mental activity are by no means the same thing. Facts and theories are only the raw material and tools for the use of those who live in the present.

To be aware of them does not necessarily make us wise.

To be well educated is to be able to think and to do, to be able to find out things for ourselves, to be able to stand on our own feet, to be able to help others to stand on theirs.

Real wisdom is to know the value of any knowledge we possess, to realise that facts are signposts, to be able to read those signposts correctly.

And real knowledge and real education implies much more than a gathering of facts. It means a thorough training in the discipline of life.

It means a robust development of our mental muscles so as to enable us to think for ourselves instead of being dependent on what other people tell us. It means being "able"—which in turn means doing things and doing them well.

Where D

In the playrooms of the I.M.P. neurotic children and children who show tendencies to delinquency or mental disturbance are, unknown to them, observed at their games and play. Often they then unconsciously give the clue to the cause of an aberration which would darken the rest of their lives. Right: This boy, only a few weeks ago, was in danger of being put away in a mental institution, because he had a terror that everything around him would tumble to pieces. When he was set to build up things his fears were dispelled and he is now completely normal

FEW people can have failed to observe a newspaper paragraph some days ago regarding the transformation of a London working-class girl. For years she had been a neurotic, and it seemed that with a relatively poor intellect her future was doomed to failure.

In every respect, indeed, she was of the type of which thousands drift every year into mental hospitals.

This girl escaped that fate. She had the good fortune instead to come under the notice of the doctors at a new kind of clinic which specialises in the treatment of nervous illness. They removed, by restoring self-confidence to her, a cloud which had been over her mind since childhood.

Everyday cures

As it rolled away, a wonderful vista was opened up. First it was seen that, far from being a dullard, the young woman possessed an intelligence far beyond what is required for an honours degree. Then it was revealed that she had brain-power equal to if not better than that of an average university professor. A fund is being sought so that the girl can be taken away from her present menial job and be provided with a university education.

This story of a modern cure has a much wider interest and importance to the community than the mere salvation of a humble girl. It was not proclaimed by the doctors concerned as a great achievement. News of it, in fact, leaked out accidentally and the physicians were astonished at the publicity it gained.

To the doctors closely associated with recent progress in the science of mind-healing, the case is nothing unusual, because cures of the kind are now an everyday occurrence. Why, then, it will be asked, has the general public not been made aware of the tremendous possibilities of the new discoveries in this branch of medicine?

The answer is a pathetic one. It is that the work has been mainly dependent on charity and voluntary service, and the measure of financial help which has been forthcoming is so limited that the pioneers of the science hardly dare to record their successes. If they did so they would be swamped with cases to which they could not possibly give the slightest assistance because of the poverty in which the work is being conducted.

The Institute of Medical Psychology in Malet Place, Bloomsbury, London, where this work is being done, deals daily from morning until nearly midnight with a continuous stream of cases of afflicted people. Yet it has a twelve-months' waiting-list of cases which have already been diagnosed and found suitable for treatment.

3,000,000!

And even if that long and tragic waiting-list could be extinguished to-morrow, the number of applications in hand for treatment which have had to be filed without examination would keep the Institute fully occupied for twenty-four hours a day for the next two years!

An enquiry into the prevalence of mental sickness in the community has led to the appalling estimate that in Great Britain there are now three million persons afflicted with nervous disorder to a point requiring urgent treatment—one in every thirteen of the population. Notwithstanding the discoveries and powers of the new science and the work already being performed at the Institute of Medical Psychology and a few other places, most of them must remain in mental misery and gloom simply because the resources are so slender.

It has become a common but still terrible drama at the Institute that, when a letter is sent out to notify a patient that treatment is at last available, a reply comes from a relative that the person has, in the waiting period, committed suicide or has crossed the mental border and been sent to a mental hospital.

This apparent lack of practical sympathy for the relief of mental distress is, however, easy to comprehend. Compassion for the physically sick has always stirred the human breast, but for the neurotic there has usually been neither pity nor help. Medical science, therefore, has been similarly ignored in its recent successful efforts to probe the depths of consciousness to learn the cause of such mental misbehaviour as was formerly unaccountable.

The ordinary rules of sanitation and hygiene are understood by most people and they do not wait to observe those rules until there is some menace of epidemic. But in the case of mental hygiene, the subject is still ignored until it is brought painfully home by the nervous breakdown of a loved one or the mental or moral lapse of a son or daughter.

Experience at the I.M.P. and elsewhere has already proved that at least two-thirds of the three million cases of neurotic disorder in this country could have been prevented or would be curable if facilities for treatment were available.

The inception and work of the I.M.P. has been due to a group of medical men and women who, studying the effects of shell-shock on war victims, discerned the methods by which their knowledge and experience could be best imparted for the benefit of sufferers from nervous disorders, whose numbers have been multiplied so vastly in the past ten years by the stress and strain of post-war life.

The science is still young—understood by a limited number of doctors and misunderstood by millions of the laity. As so often happens in the early days of a new or rediscovered science, much harm has been done by misguided treatment on the part of unqualified practitioners, but this trend has been considerably offset lately by the fact that, in addition to its work of prevention and cure, the I.M.P. has already given training to more than a thousand doctors from all over the country by post-graduate courses in psychological medicine.

The early scepticism of the leaders of the medical profession towards the objects and methods of the Institute has not only vanished, but been replaced by fearless and unstinted support. Physicians of the eminence of Lord Dawson of Penn and Lord Horder willingly serve upon an Advisory Board composed of the most distinguished names on the Medical Register.

Probing

To-day sixty highly qualified men and women doctors, all giving their services without reward or advertisement, are on the I.M.P.'s active medical roll. They have built a Harley Street for the poor.

The headquarters of the I.M.P. are only a converted factory and garage, but the interior has been so designed and so softly lit that the most troubled patient becomes soothed and at peace from the moment of entry. It is a haven of healing as remotely different from the ordinary type of public institution as could be conceived.

Every doctor receives his patients in a private consultation room. Stage by stage, through anything from 20 to 300 hours of talk and discussion, the nerve sufferer is taken back through his or her personal history until the cause of the malady is found. Almost always it is traced back to childhood or adolescence.

Seldom is the victim aware of the cause. It may have been a shock or an experience observed in another person which provoked an early fear. The incident itself by repression and suppression has long been forgotten, but the fear it created at the moment has ever since had free play among the emotions.

Healing always begins when the cause is resuscitated and allied again to the fear. Then the patient sees the thing in a true light and perspective, he quickly assumes a proper attitude to life, the fear is dispelled, his confidence is recovered, the mind becomes clear and bright and any physical illness which the mental disorder had produced no longer exists.

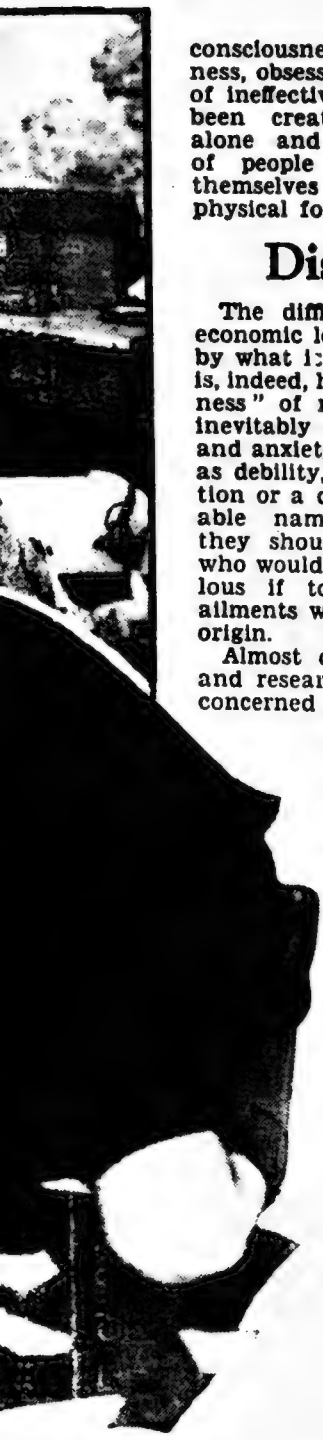
Biggest of all the obstacles in the path of the I.M.P. is the fact that the community is not yet awake to the appalling waste of useful human material that is helping to fill mental hospitals, prisons and Borstals, to say nothing of the far greater number of people who are tortured by needless anxiety, obsessions, and morbid fears, revealing themselves in conjugal maladjustments, in conflicts between child and parental authority, and so on.

Just as in an epidemic of cholera science is able to put its finger on the source and stop the flow of pollution, so is the I.M.P. demonstrating that medical psychology can now indicate the cause of almost any mental disorder in either the individual or the mass.

There are many doctors who still treat the neurotic by handing him a bottle of medicine with the advice to "pull yourself together," but medical psychology has proved for all time that much insanity is pre-

(Continued on page 25.)

s are Cast Out



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consciousness, over-conscientiousness, obsessions and the like. Masses of ineffectives and delinquents have been created from these causes alone and there is a multitude of people whose anxieties show themselves as indigestion or in other physical forms.

Disguising it

The difficulty of estimating the economic loss caused to the country by what is purely nervous affliction is, indeed, heightened by the "politeness" of most family doctors who inevitably disguise mental disorders and anxiety states by such diagnoses as debility, gastritis, colitis, exhaustion or a dozen other quite respectable names. They do so lest they should offend their patients, who would be horrified and incredulous if told that their supposed ailments were of mental or nervous origin.

Almost one half of the curative and research work of the I.M.P. is concerned with children. "As he is at seventy so he was at seven," is the guiding principle which points to the importance of really early treatment.

Time after time the doctors of the I.M.P. have been able to trace exaggerated fear back to the earliest days of life. It is not uncommon to discover that nervous affliction in an adult is due wholly to infantile stresses and that when the sufferer was a baby even a whisper at his cot would cause him to start up and cry. Awful fear at forty may even be produced by such a simple thing as indigestion during the early months of life.

No better illustration of the lasting effects of early experience could be given than the case of a boy of twelve who was almost sent to a mental institution on the ground that he must be half-witted, because when he heard any small explosion, such as the sound of a cracker, he immediately burst into tears and became hysterical and uncontrollable for days on end.

The barking boy

At the age of three, it was ascertained, he had been with his grandmother during a thunderstorm and had observed the old lady's alarm. Investigation proved that he was not afraid of actual noise, but any sharp sound produced in him a sense of terrible insecurity. After a few days' treatment, during which he was made to live through the thunderstorm experience again, the boy was himself joyfully banging crackers.

So often do exaggerated fears arise from a parent's attitude towards a child that frequently the I.M.P.'s doctors have to undertake the task of re-educating the parents themselves.

Very specially they have to be taught never to thrust away a child who runs to them for protection—in fear of a dog, for example. Fathers especially do so with the mistaken idea of instilling courage and confidence in the little one, although what the child needs is a sense of security.

Similarly it is found that great numbers of mothers who are always afraid something may happen to their children, and are always overfussy or over-anxious, only breed in them a fear which can have all kinds of strange and disastrous consequences in later life.

But most remarkable of all the observations at the I.M.P. has been that most of the queer traits and delinquent trends in children—lying, cheating, truancy, petty crime, laziness, fierce temper, and the like—are traceable to the fact that the offenders had suffered from an absence of affection.

Some weeks ago a boy of five was brought to the Institute who was on the point of being sent to a home. Every hour of the day he crawled about on all fours and barked like a dog. The experts were satisfied a simple reason could be found.

They investigated his history from birth and learned that he was an orphan who had been in a number of foster-homes. In none of them had he received the love he needed.

Hidden fear

In his last home, the centre of attention had been two dogs and the boy had been severely neglected. His little mind had evolved the idea that if he moved and behaved like a dog he also would win some affection! After a few weeks in good surroundings the child became completely normal.

An apparently almost hopeless case brought to the I.M.P. was that of a woman who for seven years had been intermittently without the use of her limbs and the power of speech and had for long periods been totally blind. After long examination it was found that in childhood her fear, instilled by her mother, was that if she was not excessively diligent in school and homework, she would be a failure in later life.

As always happens when the cause of nervous disorder is ascertained, the victim began to recover immediately the realisation of the truth occurred. She is now healthy and prospering in the control of a substantial business.

A woman who came to the I.M.P. had entertained a terrible fear of suicide for twenty years. Gradual enquiry elicited that the obsession had started when, as a child of thirteen, she had been taken away from school to nurse her mother in an illness, her father having gone to the war. There were young children to be looked after, the home was poor, and the mother so querulous that at times the daughter felt she hated her. She opened the Bible one day and read "Whoso curseth his father or his mother the same shall die the death."

On the same day a boy of her own age in the district committed suicide. From that moment her fears began and the world had been such a hell that she was incapable of work and had become socially ostracised because of her eccentricity.

When the cause was revealed by patient enquiry, the terror that had reigned over her mind for twenty years vanished and her cure was complete.

The doctors of the I.M.P. can give abundant evidence that devils can be cast out, but they are happiest in the work of preventing them from ever getting enshrined. Much of both these achievements is done by simple suggestion.

Hypnotism

An eleven-year-old boy, who was brought to the clinic recently, was terrified and distraught because forty-one warts had grown on the back of one of his hands. He was put under slight hypnotism and the suggestion made to him that the warts would dry up and disappear. He returned ten days later with his mind normal and without even the semblance of a wart.

Social fear in adults is one of the commonest problems always confronting the I.M.P.'s doctors. Most of it arises from a sense of inferiority and the suffering it causes has increased tenfold since the phrase "inferiority complex" became a kind of catchword.

The victims, who can be counted by hundreds of thousands, feel that they are not as capable or as popular or as clever as their fellows, and their condition is aggravated when they begin to avoid situations and contacts that might seem to emphasise the unpleasant belief which has grown upon them and darkened their whole existence.

Frequently the fear of failure manifests itself in imaginary illnesses, but generally it finds expression, especially among "black-coated" workers, whose ability is undoubted, in a complete paralysing of effort.

Thousands of men and women are now being ruined every year by this dread of failure and sense of inequality. There are many such people as brilliant musicians who dare not play a note in public, skilled sculptors who cannot use their hands, and clerks who reach a condition in which they cannot be trusted with the simplest day-books.

Tragic paradox

Thousands of people have already been saved by the I.M.P. from the misery of nervous disorders, from the horror of an intangible fear, the slavery of groundless regret, uncontrollable anger, vice, crime and the mental distress that ends only too often in suicide or incurable invalidism.

It is both a paradox and a tragedy that the new science can now conquer these mental ills both in the established and incipient stages, but that its pioneers must hide their light because of the certainty that they would be overwhelmed, so great is the need and so meagre the means to fulfil it.

Nothing could be more lamentable than the fact that science can now give this succour, yet, so great already is the demand, it is quite hopeless for others to seek it. Regiments of sufferers are waiting to be treated—waiting and hoping. This need never have been if, before reaching their wretched state, facilities for treatment by analytical psychology had been available to them

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"A figure was hunched over the steering wheel. She moved a little as I opened the door"

CAR CRASH! —It Saved My Life

CAREY STREET! It was obvious enough. I couldn't ignore any longer the evidence of the bills lying before me—this debt waiting to be settled, this other sum demanding priority—least of all, the final demand for eight hundred odd. I set the list of assets against the long chain of liabilities. They weighed up well enough, but I could no longer hope for my debtors to do unto me . . .

Bankruptcy, failure—that was what it amounted to. I thought that day as I stared at those damning bills that I could hardly expect my creditors to refrain from instituting . . . proceedings. The bungalow would have to go—phut, like that, with the business.

It would be as if all my struggles had never been. I should have to go back to lodgings and failure. I should find myself once more at the bottom of the hill. Not bad being at the bottom when you're young, when vigour is yours, when it seems the world is waiting to be conquered. But, at forty-five . . .

That's what this story of mine is about. I can't help writing it down now, because it seems to me so astonishing a tale. Middle-aged men, in stories, are usually rich and successful. I found myself, a middle-aged man in real life, a failure.

For all my struggles . . . for all my building up of a business in a brand-new sphere! I sat at my desk on that awful day and realised that the forces of slump and depression had got me—those awful world forces that had seemed so impersonal and distant at first.

Life had not been at all what it should have been. I had dreamed of falling in love, or climbing with some girl of my heart to the top of the world. And yet, when I had met Rita Paget, she had run away with the man we'll call Gilson, a little cad of a man with money, and not a single other attraction that I could perceive.

I had lived on, just lonely, never able to think of any other woman, building up a fantasy of what might have been.

People thought it odd that I should live in the bungalow all alone, the bungalow that had at last taken me away from unfriendly bedrooms in diggings when the radio resistor business began to build up. Mr. Bachelor, who did his own housework and cooked his own meals—going to the City every day as if he were a married man and then coming home and fending for himself.

And now this Mr. Bachelor stared at details of liabilities and seemingly non-existent assets and determined that the game wasn't worth the candle. I had always thought suicide an inexplicable action, a fool's trick to play when life could go on and perhaps be worth living.

But the fool's trick seemed more desirable that afternoon when there was only the prospect of aging solitude ahead. To turn a tap seemed so easy a way to forgetfulness and peace, so simple an escape from disillusionment!

Perhaps I was dramatising to myself. Life can be ridiculously stagey when it is being played out most seriously. Perhaps otherwise I would never have decided to go back to the bungalow and enjoy one last lonely dinner, as perfect a meal as I could devise. I should have gone to the window and then—well, my office was on the fifth storey.

Had I done so this account would never have been written. Had I done so I should not have stepped later that afternoon from the quiet suburban station and presently met the girl in the green car.

I called at shop after shop, buying a chicken to warm up, some expensively new potatoes, a bottle of brandy—for sake of courage. I was walking laden with my parcels when the car approached behind me and drew into the kerb. A window slid back and a neat head leaned forward.

"Excuse me," said a voice, "Could you tell me the way to ——?"

And then I nearly dropped my parcels as I said, "Why, isn't it ——?" and Rita almost simultaneously said, "Well, what an astonishing thing—!"

I'm not very sure what we said then. It's odd how the important happenings of one's life are, as often as not, buried in forgetfulness and confusion.

She seemed not to look any older than when I had last seen her—fifteen years before. The same perpetual play of expression over her features, the same vivacity, the same brilliantly brown eyes. She was calling on a friend, she confessed, someone who had taken a house in the neighbourhood.

And at that I felt constraint. Of course, our meeting meant nothing. She was looking for a friend, and presently, almost at once, I should have to direct her. Of course, I meant nothing to her now—I had meant so little before. We had fallen into Christian names at the start, but suddenly I was foolish and awkward.

"And how's your husband, Mrs. Gilson?"

"Why, that's a bad break, John. Why, he's not my husband any more. . . ."

"You mean, he's dead?"

"I mean I made the mistake of my life in running off with him. We weren't together very long. He—well, he took a fancy to other women. In the end I had to get a divorce ——"

"I'm sorry," I mumbled lamely.

"You needn't be," said she. "But it's a long story. What about you, John? You married?"

I knew that she asked the question with what novelists always call "a studied casualness." I knew that, perhaps, now I stood a chance. I explained. Still a bachelor! Yes, doing my own housekeeping!

"And, being a designing woman," she laughed, "I want to come home with you. So jump in and tell me the way——"

"But your friend——"

Her friend didn't matter. The call, she said, had not been prearranged, anyway. And in my thoughts, at least, nothing really mattered that night. An evening with Rita—the last evening. How queer, how miraculous, that she should have reappeared in my life for that! As if life had turned round at the last moment and said, "Well, you should have one fleeting glimpse of all you've ever wanted before you go. . . ."

For the logic of reality is different from the logic of the imagination. I knew—as well as I could have known then—that this chance meeting was for but a few hours. If the business hadn't failed, if my success had been solid—if I had had something to offer—perhaps things might have been different.

I looked down at Rita almost in disbelief as she handled the car competently, capably. I was acutely conscious of her as the one woman in my life, the one woman who had ever mattered.

But she was not the kind I could drag down into diggings. Besides, it was clear that she, too, had got on.

This car! Her clothes! And yet she was so much the same Rita, more matured—but changed in nothing else that I could see.

Her eyes caught mine. "You're not looking a day older, John. Tell me—you were always such an ambitious fathead." How astonishing that those eyes could still entrance me! "Doing well?"

I gulped—and I lied. "Very well," I

(Continued on page 28)

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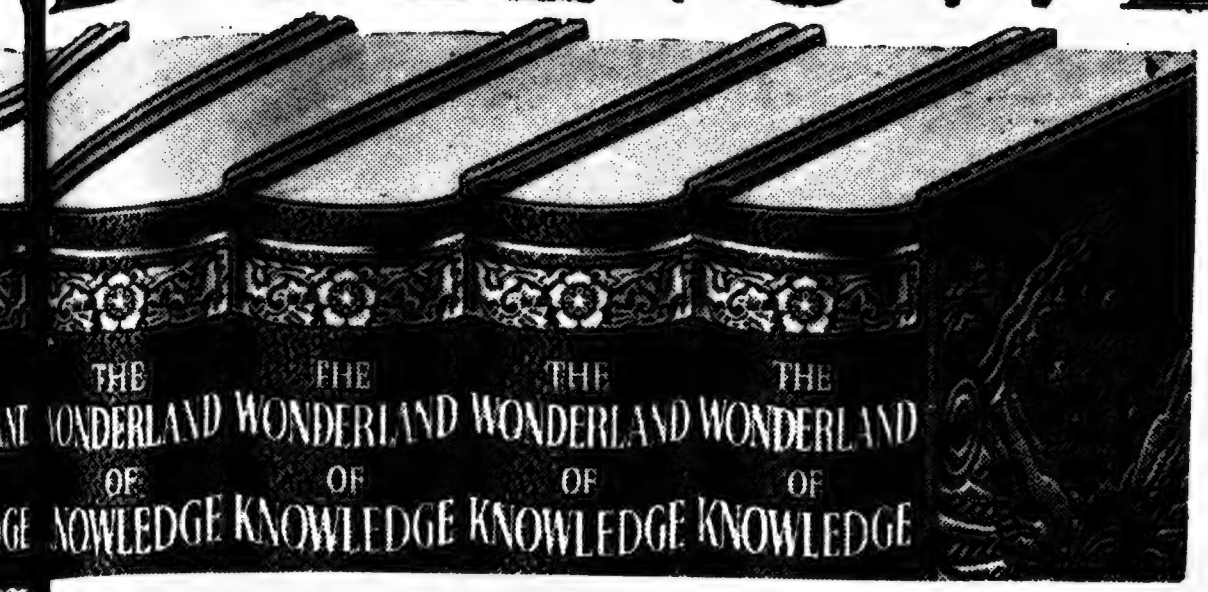

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JANUARY 24th, 1935

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If undelivered, please return to:—"John Bull," Dept. W.K., 6/7, Great Earl Street, London, W.C.2.

The harder you work or the harder you play, *the more bread you must eat* throughout the day.

NO food known to man gives so much energy at so little cost. As to this, doctors do not differ. BREAD easily heads the list of energy-producing foods. That is why all who live strenuous lives are big bread-eaters —because BREAD not only rapidly repairs worn tissues, but *creates* energy.

BREAD

FOR ENERGY & VITALITY

"Bread must be considered as one of the most nutritious of our ordinary foods".

From "Food and the Principles of Dietetics", edited by Professor Mottram and Dr. Hutchison.

C.F.H. 7.

BACKWARD— could that mean Robert?
BACKWARD CHILDREN
IS DIET TO BLAME?
WHY ARE YOU SO LATE, ROBERT?
I WAS KEPT IN AGAIN TO DO SUMS. I'VE GOT TO STAY IN ON SATURDAY TOO, MUM
SATURDAY
LAST YEAR HE DID SO WELL AT SCHOOL, BUT NOW HE SEEMS SO BACKWARD
SUPPOSE I RING UP THE HEADMASTER?
MEANWHILE
... BACKWARD? NOT ROBERT, MR. SLATER. IN FACT HE'S ABOVE THE AVERAGE. BUT LATELY HE SEEMS UNABLE TO CONCENTRATE. PERHAPS HE'S OUTGROWING HIS STRENGTH. MATRON HERE TELLS ME THERE'S NOTHING QUITE SO GOOD AS HORLICK'S FOR GROWING CHILDREN
AND SO:
NEXT TERM
MUMMY! THE HEAD WANTS ME TO WORK FOR A SCHOLARSHIP!

IS YOUR CHILD BEING UNJUSTLY ACCUSED?

SO many children, like Robert, are unjustly suspected—even by their own parents — of being backward, when really the only trouble is that they are outgrowing their strength.

Children use up a tremendous amount of energy simply in growing. And on top of that, they're always playing and running about — expending far more energy than grown-ups. No wonder they sometimes get over-tired, and seem dull and backward.

Horlick's, regularly for supper, breakfast or "elevenses," gives children all the vital elements they need for growth and *extra* energy. That is why children taking Horlick's are bright and healthy — do well at school and in sport. The milk is already in Horlick's — add only water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S

builds solid foundations to children's health

GREAT UNIVERSAL

pay you for introducing your friends. 5,000 amazing bargains obtainable through this new scheme. Write to-day for full particulars to:— *GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES, LTD. (Dept. 2004), Dunstable St., Ardwick, Manchester.* No. CB/2127. 49 Piece China Tea and Fruit Set.

Cash price £1 carr. paid

POLISH THEM DAILY

with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

and notice the difference!

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes....
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort.
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear.....
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

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End that maddening Torture

CHILBLAINS relieved!

The maddening irritation and painful swellings of chilblains can be miraculously relieved by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates to hot water until it is the colour of milk. Rest your hands or feet in this milky bath; the medicated and oxygenated water will stimulate circulation, expand the surface veins and disperse the blood congestion which causes your misery. Itching, smarting and soreness quickly disappear. 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' is obtainable from all chemists at 1/6 for 10 ozs. Ask plainly for '*ROO-DEL*' and see you get the *YELLOW* package.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

(pronounced 'ROO-DEL')
only in YELLOW packets 1/6

REAL RELIEF

for dry, husky, tickling throats.

VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

Continued from page 26

CAR CRASH!

answered. "You turn to the left here ——"

But every memory of that evening was so bitter-sweet that it is still sad to recall all those little actions, all those little words. Astonishing, but there it is.

It passed like a dream—Rita exclaiming in delight at the flowers in my garden. Rita passing through all the rooms of the bungalow, Rita at last sharing the chicken I had thought to eat in melancholy grandeur by myself. I half thought that perhaps this was already death . . . it seemed so unreal. And Rita sat and smiled and joked and talked.

One's last evening on earth! Appropriate, perhaps, that it should seem so close to paradise. Our jests, our laughter, our old comradeship renewed . . .

And it was over. She had drawn on her gloves. She was gone. I heard the purring start of the car, saw the wave of her hand. I had not asked her to come again; she, I knew, had noticed the omission. But, if I have been soft in some ways, I have at least had determination. This evening she had been kind to a middle-aged buffer. To-morrow evening. . . . Well, I turned resolutely as I saw the car's lights move forward. A great evening it had been, a brilliantly etched occasion it would be to remember . . . but it could not wipe out the fact that I was a failure; nor could it shake my determination to end it all. . . .

I pushed open the kitchen door, then through the thickness of the walls of the house I heard the shout and the crash, then the commotion of opening doors and windows. But, before that, I had tugged open my own door and was down the steps and in the road. Some several hundred yards along, at the crossing, were the two cars, and one was like Rita's.

I ran down the street like a madman. I hardly heard the questions, hardly noticed my neighbours hurrying from their doors. The one car, the stranger car, in trying to avoid the collision had twisted away and rammed the other car sideways.

A figure was hunched over the steering wheel. She moaned a little as I opened the door.

I turned round wildly. "A doctor!" I cried. "A doctor!" Somebody moved from the group, somebody was running, then faces had pressed forward. "Anyone hurt? How did it happen?"

"Yes," I said, "She's hurt," and I almost fought them away from her. They seemed so stupid, so unhelpful. And in the midst of it the awful thought struck me. "My last night—perhaps hers——"

It seemed an age before a doctor came, an eternity before the ambulance arrived. She opened her eyes on the way to the hospital.

"Oh, John, what's happened? Oh, yes, I remember——" And presently she said, "I've been so happy this evening, dear."

Those awful minutes of waiting at the hospital. That tormenting thought, 'Will she die? Will she die?"

I paced up and down wildly, seething with my inability, when it came to fundamentals such as this, to do anything to affect the balance of her life for good or ill.

A nurse frowned at me, told me to take a chair. If I heard her I had not even the wits to obey. I walked restlessly on, and a blue-clad arm compelled me towards a bench.

"I'm sorry," said I; but in less time than it takes to tell I was up again and walking, walking, my mind in the turmoil of agony of those who wait in hospitals at such moments of crisis.

I can live it again now, sometimes, in nightmares—the smell of iodoform, the footsteps clattering on stone floors, the murmur of tongues from those who waited, the feeling of expectancy and urgency and immediate haste. It was like a court of justice—the more so because I was on trial to myself.

The "last evening on earth" had ended unexpectedly. If it ended with tragedy as grim as that in my worst surmises I knew what would be my intentions. But supposing Rita lived . . .?

I had to question myself all over again. Up and down with my feet raced those questions. And then another blue-clad arm was extended sympathetically.

I recognised her for the nurse I had last seen with Rita. "It's all right. She's quite all right. Two ribs broken—that's nothing, you know."

No, I couldn't see her. . . .

But that brief separation mattered so little. She lived. And I lived. Against those facts my failure, my downfall, in her eyes, the changed circumstances of life . . . all were unimportant.

Perhaps that is why I temporised with myself that night. The cushions in my kitchen, tumbled on the floor as I had left them in my panic, looked a trifle ridiculous when I returned. Suicide seemed an absurdity.

It wasn't a way out. It was merely a laugh at one's self, another joke pinned on the back of the failure.

There were excuses. With Rita in hospital, I told myself, I couldn't, simply couldn't, take my own way out. I would wait a while, but be firm and strong and in good time carry out my decision.

Perhaps other men who arrange cushions before ovens and then stretch their hands towards the gleaming tap would find changed lives if they turned again, as I did, and went through the door to fight with life once more. Perhaps Fate, robbed of one jest, enjoys a joke of a different sort.

I had expected bankruptcy and despair—defeat—the end. Things turned out otherwise. Three days later there were some cheques in my mail. Enough, at any rate, to stave off for the time being the most immediate creditors.

The others, I knew, wouldn't force me into bankruptcy and risk facing money lost if there remained any remote chance of payment.

I realise now that I had turned the corner that day, as so many of us have now turned the corner. And it seems that this is the story of a successful man after all. For, as soon as the business had picked up again, Rita and I married.

This is our love story. A rather good one, we both think.

"The Greatest of These—"

Nancy

Nine in Need

THAT thirteen-year-old Nancy has such a bright little face speaks volumes for her, for she is the eldest of seven children, all of whom are leading a life of terrible hardship. The baby of the family is seven months old.

Nancy's ex-Service father earns as a farm labourer 25s. 11d. a week, which, with an allowance of 3s. 6d. weekly for milk from the Child Welfare Clinic, is all that is coming in.

* * *

"I am sorry to say," writes Nancy's mother, "my rent is £12 in arrears. Of course, when my husband was in regular work the rent and rates were always paid up. For five years my husband only earned £5 in hard cash.

"Then he was out of work for such a long time, and farm labourers don't get unemployment pay. Then we had sixteen weeks' illness, and a little girl is still delicate. During that time it was almost starvation, as we were trying to exist on 5s. a week, until our doctor wrote to the relieving officer, and they granted 17s. a week.

"We have had terrible hardship, and now at any time my husband's work may stop again. We still keep hoping for the best. Often in cold weather we have had no firing.

"My husband's greatest worry is keeping a home together for the children he so dearly loves. He often tells them he wishes he could do more for them, and sometimes goes to work on dry bread so that they can have more at home."

Their rector, who has known Nancy's parents for eight years, states that "they are highly respectable people. Both are hard working, and have made gallant attempts to make a living, but times are bad. The children are well looked after (so far as the very limited earnings allow), and I have no hesitation in thoroughly recommending the family."

* * *

If the £12 owing for back rent could be cleared, this family would be made a very happy one. As bringing happiness to others is the best way to ensure happiness for oneself, we ask our readers to become members of this happy band by sending donations earmarked "Nancy," which, as in the case of donations intended for the general fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Golden Miller "HOT"

A FEW years ago bookmakers would lay 3 to 1 against any named horse "getting round" in the Grand National. They are not philanthropic institutions, so evidently they found the game worth the while. In Tipperary Tim's year (1928), two runners survived out of forty-two!

A year later, sixty-six went to the post. Gregalach won, and nine others completed the course! The obstacles are just as formidable to-day, and yet I am prepared to see Golden Miller start the hottest favourite on record. There will be no question of 3 to 1 that he does not survive the jumps.

Conjuror II, a 5 to 2 chance, has the honour of being the best favourite to date. Incidentally, he came to grief. I reckon that the "Miller" will start at "two's" or under, and the daring spirits who like to have an early tilt at the big Spring double might right away couple him with their Lincoln fancy.

The National weights come to hand next week, and those for the Lincolnshire a week later.

Code tips have been coming up nicely lately, and I hope to do well at Hurst Park. Southern Hero is the choice for the Star and Garter 'Chase.

Heavy may come up in the Scottish 'Chase, and Amoretto should be backed for the Mole Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 17, to Wednesday, January 23.

R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X
W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

ZK96833 would read LATOI.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK should read ACCRA.

"I was **TIRED-OUT** *and heavy on my feet . . .*

—My best years seemed over

Now I feel stronger and happier than ever in my life before"

" I've had a hard life — what with work and worry and rearing the children. And, a few years ago, just after my eldest girl got married, I started to feel tired-out and 'old' and weak. I was heavy on my feet, too — my best years seemed over.

" My nerves got tired, too, so I felt depressed. I didn't seem to be much use to anybody.

What nurse said to me

" Then a nurse at one of the London hospitals, who is six months older than me, and still as full of life and 'go' as ever she was — gave me a good talking to. She said it was silly for people of my age to put up with feeling tired-out. 'No woman need feel tired-out or weak while she's under eighty,' nurse said.

Secret of her happiness

" Nurse told me the secret of her own strength and health was the way doctor made her take Hall's Wine whenever she was tired-out. Next day I bought a bottle of Hall's Wine, too. The very first wineglassful seemed to pour new life into me. Taking Hall's Wine regularly three times a day, I've got all my old strength back, full of life just like I used to be."—Mrs. E. W., London.

Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Hall's Wine starts *to pour quick, new strength into all your nerve cells within 30 seconds after you take a wineglassful.* It has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic can give you. Hundreds of letters (open for inspection) from nurses who had been tired or run-down prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

AFTER THESE ILLNESSES—

Quick new Strength!

After Influenza, Nerve Troubles, Bronchitis, Wasting Illness, Operations or Confinements—doctors and nurses recommend Hall's Wine for quick, safe convalescence.

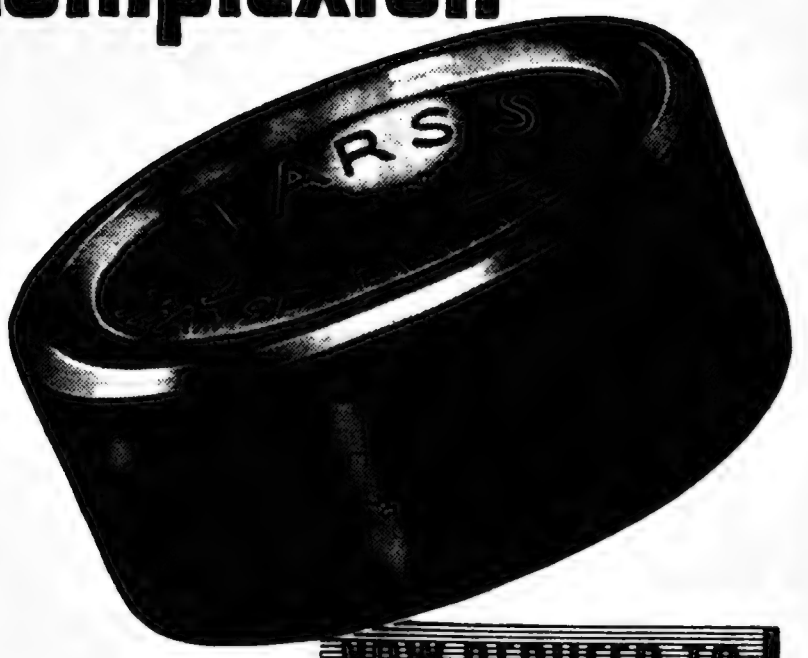
How much younger and happier this woman is—

THIS IS A TENDER PIECE OF MEAT, MARY
I'M SO GLAD I CAN BE OF SOME REAL USE TO YOU BOTH !
AFTER DINNER
WELL, I NEVER SEEM TO GET TIRED SINCE I'VE STARTED ON HALLS WINE
COME ON AND DANCE MUM THERE'S NO-ONE IN THE WORLD LIKE YOU YOU'RE SO FULL OF LIFE
THAT NIGHT AT DINNER

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

Matchless for the complexion



NOW REDUCED TO 4½D A CAKE

Thorough cleansing of the skin — that is the first essential to complexion loveliness.

And that is why, for 150 years, Pears has been recognised as "Matchless for the Complexion." For Pears, whilst absolutely pure and wonderfully mild, is above all, a thorough cleansing soap. You can feel the effects of that thorough cleansing the very first time you wash with Pears. Your skin feels braced, toned up, refreshed. You *know* that Pears is helping to bring complexion loveliness — that it is improving the clarity, the texture, and the bloom of your skin.

Buy a cake of Pears Original Transparent to-day. It costs only 4½d. —and it lasts so long that it is the most economical of all good toilet soaps.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT

TP/135/-64

A smoother shave—and comfort afterwards with Jiff Stick or Cream FOR SHAVING 6D

"I stand for Quality!"

"Madam—you can only obtain soup of such quality and flavour by asking for Chef Soups, because I make them myself—I, who am a famous Chef. It is I who select the tender spring gathered garden vegetables. It is my hand that seasons and blends them into a delicious soup exactly as I prepare it for the greatest banquets."

"And you save money too, every time you ask for my Chef Soups, for I make them so highly concentrated that they *require* the addition of at least their own bulk of water. Every 4½d. tin thus makes five great plates—great platefuls of the most delicious soup you ever tasted—the proof is in the eating—so try them and judge for yourself."

CHEF TOMATO SOUP

4½D large tin, makes five great platefuls

6D family tin, makes eight great platefuls

Mixed Vegetable, Green Pea, Celery, Asparagus, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Consommé, Chicken, Kidney

Stocks

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

HUSBANDS who won't be FATHERS

THE other day I was standing in the entrance hall of my hospital talking to the matron. "There's a happy picture for you," I said. A young woman, her face wreathed in smiles, was walking along the corridor. In her arms was a baby that had been born in our maternity wards just a fortnight before. And waiting there to take them home was the proud husband and father.

"A happy picture" and all so very natural. Father, mother and child—a family complete in itself. And yet how many people there are who are missing this great joy of parenthood. Here is a letter from one of my readers:—

My husband and I have now been married seven years, but unfortunately we have no children. He doesn't like them, and says quite definitely that he "can't be bothered with them." He has a little niece just twelve months old, and when his sister brings her to see us he never even looks at her. And yet I love children, and when I see other happy couples with kiddies running about I envy them from the bottom of my heart.

What makes things worse is that my husband frequently has to go abroad on business trips, which makes life very lonely for me. I can't understand why he takes the view he does, for I know he loves me and is very good to me; yet this attitude of his makes me miserable and my life seems completely empty.

A man like this should never have married. He is either inordinately selfish, or else there is something abnormal about him. It is likely that the first is the case.

There are a number of people in the world who can't be "bothered with children" just because they are supremely selfish. Their own ease and comfort come first with them. Fortunately for the world, which would be a dull place without the laughter of little children, these individuals are in a minority.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

All parents incur a risk and expense in bringing up a family, but they forget the cost in the compensations. A great philosopher once said:

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love."

Now I wonder why this particular husband dislikes children so much. It would be helpful to know that. I should have thought that for two reasons he would have been ready to have fallen in with the wife's desires.

In the first place, she tells me that he loves her and is very good to her, but he must know that she is lonely, especially as his business takes him abroad so frequently. Then, secondly, he seems to be in good and regular employment.

His antipathy to children might be understood a little if he were out of work, or in any financial stress. It would be different, too, if there were mental trouble or hereditary disease on either side, and he was afraid that his children might suffer as a result. But none of these things seem to be the case.

I take it that my correspondent has pointed out all these things to her husband, and that he still remains adamant. If that is so, I think her best plan is to get her doctor to talk to him. A medical man would be justified in discussing such a matter with him. He could point out that his wife's health may suffer through being denied her natural desires. An intimation of this kind might lead this man to see how unfairly he is acting.

If, for any reason, this suggestion is impracticable, I think he should be induced to read a good book on the subject. I will gladly send my correspondent the titles of one or two if she will let me know.

There are a number of people who "just can't be bothered with children." It is supreme selfishness—and folly

And here is a second letter which gives me the problem from another angle.

I first met my husband, writes this correspondent, in 1919, and a few months later he confessed to me that he already had a son seven years old by another woman. He asked me if I would wait till the boy was of an age to keep himself, and he would then be quite free. I was only sixteen at the time, and agreed to do so.

We were married eight years later, when he was thirty-five and I was twenty-four. We have been married now for nearly eight years, and on the whole live very happily together. The only disagreements we have are due to the fact that we have no children, for although my husband loves kiddies he can't forget his previous experience and seems to fight shy of the responsibility of having any more.

I can see his side of the argument, but I can't help thinking that he is being unfair to me, for I would like nothing better than to have children of my own. Don't you think that my husband is acting wrongly in letting his past indiscretion rob us of present joys?

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Now this man, unlike the husband of my first correspondent, has no objection to children; in fact, I am told that he loves them.

His only reason for not wanting any seems to be the memory of his early slip.

In that case he is thinking only of himself, and completely forgetting his wife. He should remember that her love for him was so strong that she not only forgave him his lapse, but actually waited eight years for him. It is not every girl who would do that.

There is also another side to the matter. Both this man and his wife would, I imagine, like to bury the past, but his present attitude makes that impossible. As long as that home remains childless, so long will it be haunted by the ghost of his early years. The husband of my correspondent is allowing the innocent to suffer for his own past failings. That is neither right nor just. The only way he can show his gratitude for his wife's trust and love is by doing all he can to make her happy.

And my third letter is also from a childless home, giving yet another side of the same problem. This correspondent writes:—

I am thirty-one years old, and I was married when I was twenty. My husband and I are happy in a way, and yet our little home seems incomplete because we have no children. We are both fond of them, and would dearly have loved a family of our own.

I seemed to feel it more than ever this last Christmas, for it gave me quite a pang to see our neighbours enjoying themselves with their young people all around them, whilst my hubby and I were all alone.

We talked things over, and I suggested that we should adopt one, but he thinks it is too risky and that we are better off as we are than getting hold of one who may turn out to be a bad lot. I don't feel I can go through life like this, and as I always read your helpful advice to other people I wonder if you can give me any comfort and help.

Now this home differs vitally from the two cases I have already quoted. Here, both husband and wife would "dearly love to have a family." It seems a great pity that their desire has not been granted.

But surely there is still time. In my hospital life I have seen the miracle of childbirth when all hope had been given up. Quite recently a woman came to us for her first baby after she had been married twenty-one years, and when she herself was forty years old.

My correspondent is now only thirty-one. She does not tell me whether she has had medical advice. If she has not, I strongly urge her to do so. It may be that there is some slight physical defect which could quite easily be put right.

Now, let me turn to this question of adoption. I know, from numerous letters sent to me, that many people hesitate to adopt a child in case "it may turn out to be a bad lot." I think that fear is greatly exaggerated.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Take that fine home, "Dr. Barnardo's." I believe I am right in saying that over 90 per cent. of their children turn out well. That is a wonderful record, and would compare favourably with the children born and reared under normal conditions. No parent can be certain that his own child will never let him down. But that risk—if risk it be—is gladly taken. And an increasing number are taking a similar risk in adopting a child.

Let me finish with a true story.

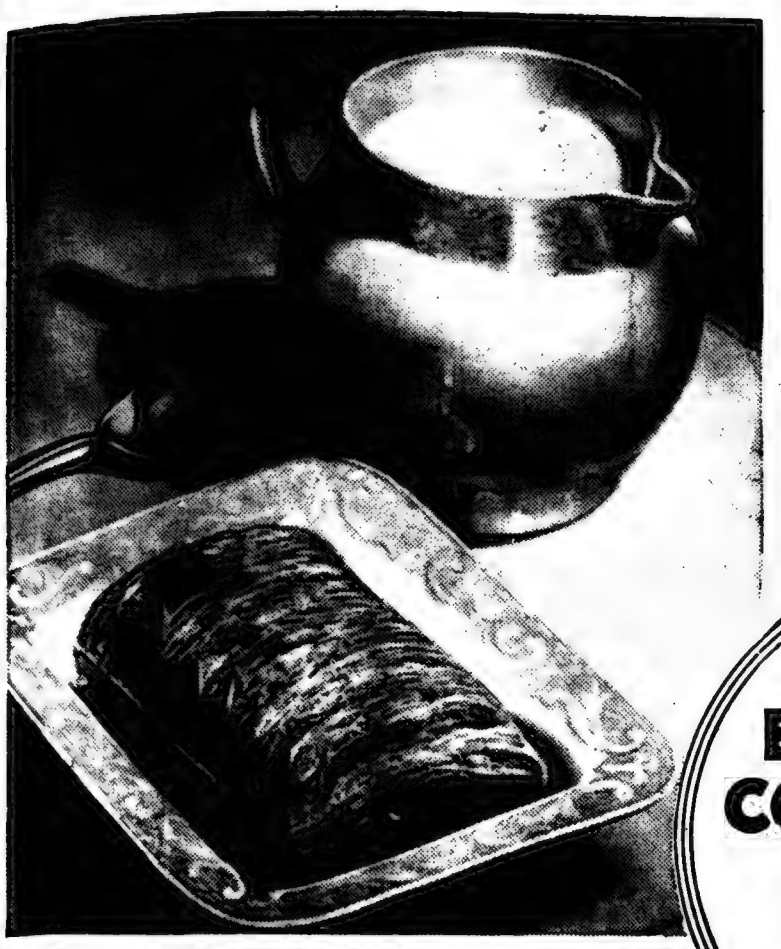
A Colonial bishop and his wife adopted a baby boy five years ago. Three years afterwards they had one of their own. The secretary of the adoption society wrote and asked, in view of the changed circumstances, whether they would like the adopted child to be sent back to the society. The reply was very much to the point: "We would not part with him for all the money in the Mint."

I hope my correspondent and her husband will soon have their little home filled with the sunshine and mischief of a little child. I can wish them no greater joy.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Why let the need for *Economy* deprive you of Good Food



● Though lots of us in these days are going short of many little luxuries, none need go short of good food. The bounty of Nature brings to you in the form of Shredded Wheat one of the finest, most wholesome and healthful foods possible. A packet will supply an energising breakfast for one for nearly a fortnight for BARELY A PENNY A DAY. Your penny never has bought, and never can buy, greater worth in wholesome goodness. For Shredded Wheat is nothing but pure whole wheat shredded for greater nourishment and digestibility. It supplies all those vital elements needed for keeping the system healthy and active. That's why it helps everybody to keep fit, robust and fortified against ill-health. Spend wisely and order a packet of Shredded Wheat to-day. It is an all-round economy, because no cooking is needed, being ready to serve with milk, cream, honey or fruits.

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire.

THE BEST OF BREAKFASTS COSTS BUT A PER 1d DAY

SHREDDED WHEAT

VAPEX INHALANT

quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

●

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour

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Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

I'M NICER WITH MUSTARD

— Colman's Mustard

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :— All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
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THE KING *with the* *Funny Name*

In his small tough Kingdom, he dodges bombs, bullets— King Zog

KING ZOG, of Albania, smallest but toughest kingdom in Europe, is in the news—and in trouble—again. Indeed, for a long time now he has not been out of either.

This time he is reported to be going bankrupt and to be fighting to save his self-made kingship, with half his country against him. A few weeks ago, Zog's adjutant and closest personal friend retired to a mediæval castle with a portion of the standing army and several mule-loads of guns and ammunition, and from behind closed doors told the King to go somewhere—as long as it was nowhere in Albania.

Blood feuds

Zog sent the rest of the standing army against the rebel. One moonlight night an officer went up to the gates of the castle and hammered thereon with the hilt of his sword. There was no reply. Moonlit castle walls, silence and unanswered doors are sinister props in Albania, especially when there are men and guns inside the castle. So the officer went back to his waiting army, and the army went back to the capital to tell King Zog about it. And there the matter remains

There are politics as well as money behind the present trouble, of course. Many Albanians, particularly the old turbulent hill clans from which Zog himself sprang, do not like his friendship for Italy. But Italy lent him the money to become King, so what can Zog do? But they have just refused him another loan. So has Jugoslavia, also disliked by the Albanian populace. Spurned thus, King Zog may now make it up with his people by going in for "splendid isolation."

But in any case, politics in Albania are an unhealthy, if exhilarating, pastime. Late Ministers there are (literally and with black-edged notepaper) "the late Ministers." It is a land of blood feuds which are never allowed to rest until they are settled. When there is a revolution, with consequent executions, the near relatives of the deceased rebels declare a blood feud against the Ministers, and even against the King himself. Zog has over 2,000 blood feuds against him at the moment —2,000 families waiting for a chance to "bump him off."

No wife for him

Uneasy indeed must lie *that* head which wears a crown. Blood feuds, no doubt, are the reason why Zog maintains a huge bodyguard of picked men who surround him both inside and outside the palace. The reason, too, perhaps, why he collects revolvers and automatic pistols, just as other kings may collect postage stamps or *objets d'art*. And with any of them Zog is an absolutely expert shot. When he sleeps he is more closely guarded than ever. Outside his bedroom door, the night long, is stationed a special guard.

King Zog is thirty-nine years of age, tall, blond and good-looking. He has six sisters, but no wife. That latter fact is another of his troubles.

Few men can have tried harder or travelled further to find a wife than Zog. His excursions round the Courts and capitals of Europe in search of matrimony have been almost semi-annual affairs for a long time now. But so far he has failed.

It is not unsightliness on his part nor the thought of bullets whistling through the palace at Tirana which has led eligible princesses to turn him down. The fact is that King Zog is a Mussalman, as are 70 per cent. of Albania's population.

One by one the Pope has forbidden a steady succession of minor Catholic princesses to marry him. On the other hand, he must not change his faith to marry, nor must he marry a girl from one of the noble Albanian families. If he did he would have *all* the other clans, bitterly jealous of the favoured family, against him. Perhaps Zog thinks that with 2,000 blood feuds he has enough trouble and risks to deal with.

At the same time, King Zog's turbulent but practical subjects are clamouring for an heir, or the chance of an heir to the throne, and telling him with almost brutal frankness to get on with it. They point out that as he has no brothers the succession problem is acute. So is poor King Zog's problem. Recently, with wry humour, he told his statesmen that he was married to the State. Unless he falls back on an Egyptian princess or some dusky Indian begum, that may be the only wedlock he will know.

His mother did it

How did Zog become King of Albania, and what kind of a king is he?

In the first place, he has himself to thank for his present uncomfortable job. He comes from no royal strain, but from an Albanian family of good stock, but like many another. After the Great War, when he served in the Austrian Army, he went in for politics. Aided by a redoubtable mother, a diplomatic genius who already saw her son a king, he had by 1923 worked up to being Premier of one of Albania's ever-changing cabinets. He was ousted a few months later by a rival who had the aid of Italy. Zog fled to Belgrade and decided to drop talking for fighting. He got together some of his Albanian adherents, some Serbs, and the remnants of the army of the Russian Anti-Bolshevik General, Wrangel, who were still wandering about Europe as soldiers of fortune.

He took them back to Albania with him and drove out his rival. Then he started to clear up the political mess of the past twenty years and finally settled Albania's Constitution.

The country at the time had a king who had never turned up for the job. He was a minor German princeling called Prince Wilhelm of Wied, who had accepted the crown in February, but after the outbreak of the war left the country and never came back. So Zog told him in political language that he could stay away.

Thereafter a Republic was proclaimed with Zog as President, on a seven-year contract. Three years later, in 1928, the Assembly put him on the Throne.

As a king, Zog has done his job supremely well. He had to take over a country with the highest percentage of illiteracy in Europe, a country with no factories and stultified by four centuries of Turkish domination—and run it all on borrowed money. The chief occupations in the towns were drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes (Zog himself used to smoke 100 a day; smokes 20 now) and taking in each other's graft.

Working twelve hours a day (which he still does) Zog developed ports and industries, installed electric power, lighting, telephone and air transport services. His latest move is to disband most of the army and put them to work developing the most fertile tracts of the country.

A big job

He argued practically that they were not worth their keep as soldiers, since they were not sufficiently well armed to put up a show against his stronger neighbours, that he was not going to buy big guns or other aids to glory, and that he could not afford to pay their wages anyway.

In between times he has dodged bombs, bullets and other modes of assassination at the hands of his high-spirited countrymen, and traipsed Europe to find a wife to help him keep the Throne going.

The King with a funny name, maybe, but by no means with a funny job.

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IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for — 1/3 and 3/-.

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"Go—suck a ZUBE"

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I Want £300,000

by George LANSBURY

MANY, many years ago, in the days when Whitechapel was the home of Irish and Scottish people with a few odd Welsh and English thrown in, and Whitechapel Road was an even more brilliant shopping centre than to-day, the London Hospital, situated on the Mount, was one of the outstanding landmarks from the Bank to Brentwood.

I first saw it when about a third of the size it is to-day. Even then, over sixty years ago, it was a centre to which all in mental and physical trouble resorted for treatment and cure.

My first experience of it was on an occasion when taking home a bottle of vinegar I fell down and cut my wrist in a most dangerous manner. My mother rushed me across the road, and very soon a couple of doctors stitched up the wound, and sent me home, thinking myself a very brave, heroic boy.

Years have passed, and often when thinking of men and things I wonder what our big industrial centres would be like if it were not for the network of health centres, clinics, hospitals and other beneficent institutions established and kept in being by private benefactors or out of local and national funds.

As a Socialist I want all preventable disease prevented, and all mental and physical suffering and disease dealt with by public organisation and public money. I want to see preventative and curative surgery and medical treatment organised as a national service.

Meantime, while waiting to convert the nation to this common-sense point of view, many thousands of men, women and children need assistance which only an organised service can give.

I don't deny the evils connected with competitive charitable institutions' appeals, etc. I have often spoken against these.

Blessed institutions

But when we have all said our say, one solid fact remains: modern hospitals of whatever size or character are among the most blessed institutions of our day; there are some who make mistakes, some who fail in one thing or another, but, taking them as they are, they bring healing and light into the lives of many thousands.

A year ago I broke my thigh, and within a few minutes was picked up by St. John Ambulance men, and almost before I knew what was happening found myself being X-rayed, my broken bone being set, a splint adjusted, and myself tucked up like a piece of damaged goods awaiting orders for removal.

I had no theories then about the rights and wrongs of private or public charity. I was full of gratitude to the doctors and nurses who had performed a very painful operation in as kindly and gentle a manner as possible.

The extraordinary thing was that I took everything for granted, and so did they. I was indeed a stranger in Gainsborough fallen by the way, and had been taken in by good, skilled Samaritans who bound up my wounds and were just waiting to send me home.

Then came my journey home, and as we raced along the roads I found myself looking back over the years and the hospitals I had known. The now vast London Hospital, sprawling along Whitechapel Road and across many side and back streets and still unable to do everything people ask of it! I have seen the story of St. Bartholomew's and its wonderful extensions portrayed in the beautiful play of "Rahere," and marvelled at the growth of the Royal Free, made possible by the munificence of men like the late Lord Riddell and many another, and Charing Cross with Mr. J. S. Elias and his colleagues adding first one improvement and then another.

And down here, near the docks, the Poplar Hospital into which went one of my daughters almost at death's door, to be brought back to life as if by a miracle.

There are many, many others, about each of which it would be possible to write a book. I bespeak for them all good will and support of all kinds. Big or little, they all deserve our thanks and the encouragement which generous appreciation will always give.

Mr. Lansbury at Manor House Hospital—"I was a stranger fallen by the way and had been taken in by good, skilled Samaritans"

Somehow, much as I wish to see life organised on what I think is a much more rational plan, I cannot help but feel sure there will always be a need for unselfish love to express itself. I mean the love that is willing to give and expect nothing in return. I know how hard this is, and how difficult it is to be quite sure our own motive and actions are quite selfless. Anyhow, we can only each do our best, and though we shall sometimes fail, we can rise again and determine to do better.

Rich men and women, however their wealth may come to them, have a more difficult job than have people like myself whose means are limited, but the richest and the poorest may always do their good deeds in secret if they so desire.

I want to close this article by telling you a little about the hospital wherein I gained my first experience of hospital life. From Gainsborough on December 10, 1933, I travelled by road to the Manor House Hospital, Hampstead, and remained there for over seven months.

Looking back, I find it difficult to remember any period of my life so full of human interest and charm. Suddenly to find myself, a very active man, accustomed to wait on myself, quite helpless, dependent on people I had never seen before for all my needs was a revelation of what being a helpless cripple means.

Lessons of kindness

Doctors, nurses, wardmaids, attendants, all these were simply splendid, and made me sometimes feel my accident was worth while, even if only to show me love was not dead, and that there are still millions who do not merely worship the golden calf, but are willing to work in the service of God through kindly deeds done for the fallen and weak. I also learned what friendship in adversity means.

None of us there, least of all me, were perfect paragons of virtue or just blundering boors. We were a band of brothers set in the midst of adversity, and so settled down to cheer and help each other, and as a result hope came to us, faith burned in our hearts, and though sometimes in the night watches the light burned dim, the oil of faith never ran out, and we knew we were not alone.

So now, after a year of such living, in and out of No. 8 Ward, back in the hurly-burly of life, I want to do something to help this hospital, this haven of rest for the bruised and battered ones.

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Although the Manor House Hospital is governed by members of a Friendly Society, it is absolutely national in character and management. Men from all parts of Britain find health and peace there. Neither political, religious nor racial tests of any kind are imposed.

No joy like this!

Now, will you, my reader friend, help me make a really substantial thank-offering. I can only give a trifle myself, just like most of you. Perhaps, who knows, someone who can easily spare a big sum is reading this, and can send a few thousands just to show how much he or she appreciates the fact that workmen's pennies keep the daily needs of the hospital going, though they cannot produce the £300,000 so urgently needed.

Last week I broadcast an appeal. What it will bring in I cannot say. Some people say just now is a bad time for such an appeal. No time is a bad time if people possess the will. So please create the will, send a small or large contribution to me, addressed: George Lansbury, M.P., Manor House Hospital, North End Road, Hampstead, N.W.11. No sum will be too small. If you wish to become a member, just ask me to tell you to whom you should apply in your neighbourhood.

Get your friends to join with you. I can send collecting sheets and cards to whoever will help if you will apply to me.

Finally, believe an old man—one who is a non-smoker, a total abstainer and who spends very little money on amusements, but who all the same is always short of money and is as unworthy as the average man or woman—there is no joy, no happiness, no satisfaction in life comparable with that of striving to help some great cause which not only benefits the giver, but also benefits all mankind.

Helping this Manor House Hospital is such a cause; so please send now all you can and later on send some more!

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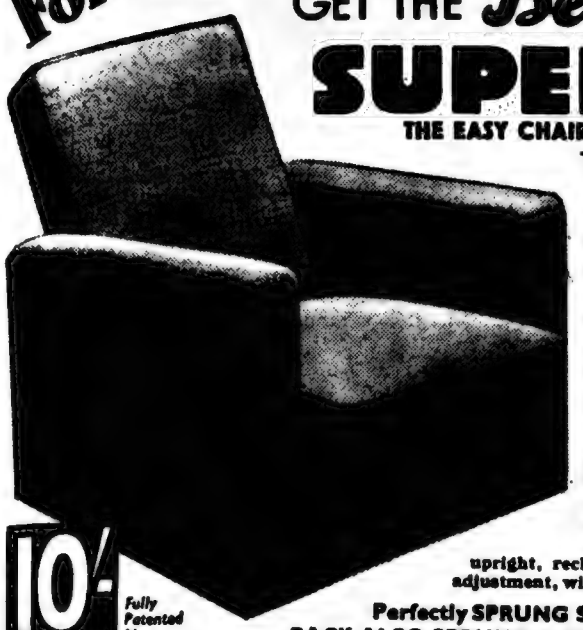

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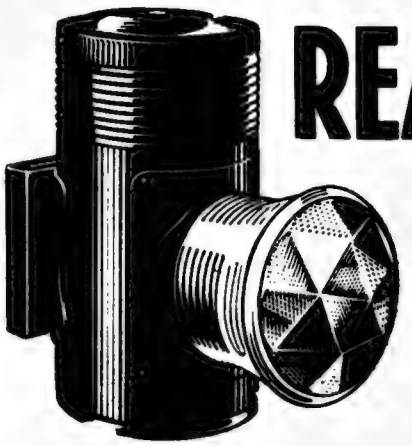

No motorist can miss it!

You're as safe as houses if one of the new Ever Ready electric Rear Lights is shining warningly behind your bike. No more danger, no more mess, no more trouble. Just slip this neat little stoved black lamp on its socket, turn the screw, and the facet bull's eye throws a wide red light behind you. Only 1/6 complete with battery. Refills, to give 35 hours light, 3½d. Every lamp waterproof. At all cycle dealers.

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EVER READY

ELECTRIC REAR LIGHT

1/6 COMPLETE
Refills 3½D.

THE EVER READY CO. (Gt. Britain) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and Poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at Boots and all chemists.

It is Unusual for a COLD CURE to bear a Money Back Guarantee

But overwhelming proof of the quick efficacy of 'QUINCASCA' Cold Cure Tablets in relieving the fever, catarrh and pains of Cold and Influenza, enables us to authorize your chemist to refund your money if, after a fair trial, you are not satisfied with results.

Tin of 30, 1/3; Family size 3 times the quantity 3/- All Chemists, or post free from Laboratories (Dept. B A) 12 Chenies St. London, WC1

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets

FREE Send postcard for trial sample.

Sold with a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back Guarantee.

NO MORE PILES

PEMEXO Tablets—the great new discovery—completely banishes this unpleasant complaint.

3/- per bottle, post paid.

FREE SAMPLE Send addressed envelope with 1½d. stamp for postage to PEMEXO LABORATORIES, Ltd., Dept. J.B.1, Llanfairfechan, N. Wales.

"Always keep men at arm's length"

in fact use a barge pole to keep 'em away if they are imperfectly shaved. It's really remarkble the great number of smartly dressed men who think a lot about their appearance, yet don't know what a good shave is. That is why my cheeks burn with indignation and smart with soreness after they've been around. They should use STEAD blades—the blades that give clean, smooth, perfect shaves—always. They're the best blades you can buy. "Twice-over" smoothness with a "once-over."

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

In a handy wallet of 7 blades for 6d., Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls, and most dealers sell them.

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ **Firstly**, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

¶ **Secondly**, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ **Thirdly**, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

¶ **Secondly**, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and while protecting them from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

§ **Thirdly**, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists, in Sky-blue Canister,

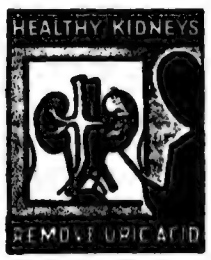
1/6

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

WEAK KIDNEYS

If everyone realised how vitally important to general health was the natural, healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief among them being uric acid.

If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly, the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness, and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. Or the crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, and give rise to gravel, stone or chronic inflammation.



De WITTS PILLS MAKE YOUR KIDNEYS HEALTHY

Kidney weakness, which can be easily recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, should be treated at once with De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

They act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements in De Witts Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within 24 hours. Ordinary pills do not penetrate to the seat of the trouble—so insist on genuine De Witts Pills in the blue and gold packet. Price 3/-, or the larger, more economical size, 5/-.

DE WITTS BRAND KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

A Thousand Tons of DANCING FEET!

—Albert Hall's Famous Floor Passes

ALTHOUGH they did not know it, 4,000 revellers at the Chelsea Arts Ball said good-bye recently, on New Year's Eve, to the biggest and most famous dance floor in the world.

The Albert Hall's dance floor was thirty years old and the only "floating" floor in the world. It was originally built by a great store in Kensington and made of wood sections ingeniously segmented so that it could easily be taken up, stored, and put down again.

Its 16,000 square feet rested on a forest of trusses and joints placed on the floor of the arena twelve feet below, and it could hold 1,000 tons of dancers. But now *Anno Domini* has won.

It bore uncomplaining the waltzes, the polkas and lancers of the Edwardian age, the post-war fox-trots and tangoes, but the rumbas of last year seem to have beaten it. The new floor is to be of steel sprung on girders. Steel floors for the steel age and steely dancers. . . .

To hire the Albert Hall with the floor for a dance or a dinner costs £750 a night. For dinners 2,000 people can be seated, with comfortable elbow room, and another 4,000 can be packed round the side galleries to watch the others eating.

The all-in hiring fee does not, however, include the parquet overlay which is put down for dances. This costs about £200 extra and is supplied by an outside firm of contractors. It is a kind of vast jigsaw puzzle composed of 125,000 pieces. So to run your little dance would cost about £1,000.

Besides the armies of waiters, ushers and other staff who are employed during "big nights" on the floor there is also an invisible staff provided by the Albert Hall. These are the men *beneath* the floor.

☆ ☆ ☆

All night long while the feet of dancing thousands circle across the floor above, or while the boards groan in sympathy with the banquet tables, there is a big staff of engineers and firemen who ceaselessly patrol the labyrinth alleys of struts on which the floor rests. The engineers' job is to watch for the slightest signs of "give" or fracture in any of the struts; they stand by with spares so that a faulty member can be replaced at once.

There is a similar vigilance for the first signs of fire. Hundreds of yards of hose lie coupled up ready beneath the floor.

Only when the last reveller has departed homeward is the watch relaxed for a moment. Then all turn to and, aided by scores of other workmen, they proceed to dismantle the floor and return each of the numbered sections to the cellars, there to await the next dinner, dance or show.

The dismantling process is a marvel of drilled organisation. It takes two days to lay the giant floor, but it can be stripped and stored out of sight in a matter of two hours. A dancer can leave at five o'clock in the morning and wander into the Hall again at breakfast-time to find nothing but acres of red carpet and gilt chairs ready for a concert on the floor of the arena twelve feet below where he had been dancing a few hours before.

Workmen prepare the Albert Hall's false floor. Note how far above the true floor it is raised

To the Albert Hall authorities and staff this unique and monster mass of carpentry is something almost sacred. They speak of it in reverent tones as "The Floor." Little models of it serve for decoration on the mantelpieces of the executive offices.

Once, however, it suffered an indignity which arose out of one of the peculiar and little known privileges attached to the Hall. One night, when a huge ball was in progress, two of the hereditary stall-holders turned up and demanded access to their stalls. The floor, when laid, of course covers all the arena stalls up to the level of the first tiers of boxes, and these two gentlemen's stalls were underneath with the others.

These two declared that *although* it was a charity ball and *although* other stall holders had surrendered their seats for that night, *they* had not, and they insisted on their "rights." Neither pleading nor argument was of any avail, and eventually a hole had to be made in the floor while the ball was in progress, so that these two sticklers for their rights could descend to their stalls!

These hereditary rights are an interesting feature of the organisation of the Albert Hall, and a profitable one to some people. When the Hall was being designed in the late 'sixties of last century public subscriptions were asked towards the cost of £200,000. Subscribers who put up £1,000 were given a ten-seat box on the Grand Tier for a lease of 999 years. Those who gave £500 a five-seat box on the second tier for the same period, and subscribers of £100 a stall in the arena or amphitheatre.

There are roughly four hundred of these hereditary seat-holders, holding between them 1,341 seats, which are handed down from generation to generation. Many of the original subscribers' descendants retain and exercise the rights their grandparent bought them, getting free seats at great concerts, boxing matches and other "occasions" at the Hall. Others have turned their seats over to ticket offices, and as there are often more than one hundred events a year, when the seats are worth at least a guinea, they make a good thing out of it. A few families, fallen on hard times, actually make a living out of the seat rights which grandfather bought sixty years ago.

☆ ☆ ☆

Some sold outright to syndicates, and others, through death, come into the market and are sold by auction like any other portion of an estate. The right passes to the buyer. In spite of the fact that there are now more big events than ever at the Albert Hall, the prices fetched for the seats are "below par."

It is possible just now to get *two* stall rights for £100. Boxing fans like to get hold of these rights, especially those in certain positions, because it means a permanent ringside seat. Musical people, too. At the price the rights fetch now it does not require many championship contests or Kreisler concerts to repay the original outlay.

The Albert Hall's famous dance floor has raised more money for charity than any other dance floor in the world. Nowhere else would it be possible to pack sufficient people to raise £20,000 at a single dance, a frequent happening in the Hall's history.

And now the giant floor is to be broken up for firewood. It ought to go into a museum!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent, 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

COURIER AND ADVERTISER, Dundee:—". . . After she had just been kissed on the left CAR."

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE TIMES:—"A number of DECEASED old friends were present as a mark of their respect."

THE LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST:—"The GALE is being held this year on Monday night."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—". . . Slipped off his silk dressing TOWN."

PORTSMOUTH TIMES:—". . . and they CUERIED muffs to match."

EVENING ARGUS, Brighton:—"Fog lamps, spot lights, and radiator MUGS are accessories . . ."

LIVERPOOL POST AND MERCURY:—"Every boy should also learn how to become a good citizen, son, BOTHER, husband."

THE SCARBOROUGH MERCURY:—"Materials of this type should always be tacked lightly to a SHEEP of tissue paper."

THE POST AND WEEKLY NEWS, LAUNCESTON:—". . . the home goal being subjected to much PLEASURE."

SWINDON FOOTBALL PINK:—"The success of the attempt will depend in large measure on the condition of the STANDS at Daytona."

WATERFORD NEWS:—"There was a large gathering at the very UNSUCCESAFUL whist drive."

DAILY MIRROR:—"The distress signal was sent out from a POT 400 miles out."

ALL CLASSES OF MOTOR DRIVERS, MATES AND OTHERS ENGAGED IN THE COMMERCIAL ROAD TRANSPORT INDUSTRY

SHOULD SPECIALLY NOTE THAT A

NATIONAL WAGES AND CONDITIONS AGREEMENT

IS NOW IN OPERATION, AND IT IS A CONDITION IN GRANTING A LICENCE THAT AN EMPLOYER SHALL PAY FAIR WAGES AND OBSERVE PROPER WORKING CONDITIONS.

THE ONLY WAY YOU WILL OBTAIN THE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THE AGREEMENT IS BY JOINING UP AND BEING LOYAL TO THE ROAD TRANSPORT COMMERCIAL WORKERS ALREADY IN MEMBERSHIP OF THE

TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION

The Union has been striving for years to obtain proper hours, fair wages, decent conditions and safe working on the road, and a non-unionist is not only letting the Union down but every other worker on the road also.

SO PLAY THE GAME. JOIN UP AND ESTABLISH A GREAT UNION BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROAD.

You should apply for membership of the Union immediately to any of our Branches, District or Area Offices, or fill up the form below and forward it with postal order for 1s. 3d. (which covers entrance fee, book of rules and copy of the National Agreement) addressed to Ernest Bevin, General Secretary, Transport and General Workers' Union, Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster, London, S.W.1. We will then attach you to a Branch where you can pay your subsequent contributions according to the Scale you select.

THE UNION PROVIDES EXCELLENT BENEFITS, INCLUDING ACCIDENT, SICKNESS, DISTRESS, FUNERAL, LEGAL ASSISTANCE & ADVICE, CONVALESCENT TREATMENT, ETC.

The Union also caters for a large number of other trades (including all classes of General Workers) and this Application Form may be used for membership of any Trade Section.

TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION
APPLICATION FORM.

Name.....

Address.....

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Where Employed.....

J.B.I. ..... Cross your Postal Order "/Co."

The regulations governing Road Transport are so many and varied that every man should be insured for first-class legal assistance and advice. The Legal facilities provided by the Union are second to none, and any Member who finds himself in difficulty can call at any one of the hundreds of Union Offices throughout the country and receive assistance immediately.

Over **20,000** *men and women now run Littlewood Clubs—and gain*

MONEY & FRIENDS

in a happy and dignified way

Why don't YOU?

This Business has grown to over £1,000,000 turnover per year in less than 3 years.

WHY don't you gather your family and friends into a Littlewood Thrifty Shilling Club—and also make for yourself a REGULAR, EASY, SPARE-TIME INCOME? It's easier than you imagine. We will tell you how thousands of men and women like yourself have found the easiest way to start flourishing Clubs.

Ask us for our **320-PAGE WONDER CATALOGUE** (value 3/-, but Free to you). It is packed with marvellous bargains. It is a fully-stocked Store in itself. It can be your own Store—**WITHOUT CAPITAL, WITHOUT EXPENSE, WITHOUT RISK.**

Ask, too, for Complete Outfit of stationery and forms—all Free to you—and particulars of Commission and Bonuses. This is a real Opportunity for you to gain EXTRA MONEY AND FRIENDS, in a happy and dignified way—

you meet fresh people, make new friends. You find people looking up to you, trusting you, respecting you as a man or woman who can "run things." You become a 'LEADER' amongst your circle.

It's not every man or woman who is suited to be an Organiser of Littlewood Clubs. Those I need are a little above friends and workmates in energy, initiative, and the wish to be a Leader. If you are that man, or that woman, write to me. Use the Coupon below.

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Littlewood's Mail Order Stores Ltd.
Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3.

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To LITTLEWOOD THRIFTY SHILLING CLUBS Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3.

I am interested. I am over 21 years of age.

Please send me your 320-page Wonder Catalogue (value 3/-); and particulars of Commission and Bonuses; and Complete Outfit of Stationery, etc., all printed with my own name and address; and Hints on the easiest way to form a Club—**ALL FREE to me.**

Name .....

Address .....

..... J.B.8 M.R.

Littlewood 1/- Clubs

SAVE MONEY and make better cigarettes with

AG PAPERS

FIT ALL MACHINES

RHEUMATISM

RELIEF OR

WE BEAR COST OF TRIAL

This famous 80 years old remedy gives such wonderful relief from pain that the proprietors of Eade's Pills rely entirely on SUCCESS for their profits. They offer to refund the full price of your first bottle of Eade's Pills (see details below), unless you are satisfied that they are relieving you, no matter how badly you have been suffering from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica or lumbago! Eade's Pills contain nothing but pure vegetable remedies. Get the habit of taking an Eade's Pill every week-end. They are the finest regular medicine you can take to keep you fit. **1/3 and 3/- a bottle.**

MONEY RETURNED

Unless you are delighted with the result, return the empty bottle and its orginal wrapper to George Eade, Ltd. (K.7), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, and YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY

Tilbury, Essex, November, 1934.

Dear Sirs,—May I, as a user of your Eade's Pills, congratulate you on having found a medicine that no home should be without? As one that has used them for 30 years, I can vouch that they will do all that you claim them to do.

I was at one time a great sufferer from Rheumatism until I took Eade's Pills, since then I have never been without them.—A. Gibbs.

FREE LITERATURE AND SAMPLE

Write for valuable FREE literature on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, also free sample of Eade's Brand Anodyne, etc., etc., which is marvellously effective for use in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to above address.

EADE'S PILLS

FROM ALL CHEMISTS. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

"SAFE AS THE BANK" *John Bull* — **THE BIG TWO** — **"SAFE AS THE BANK"** *John Bull*

RACING FOOTBALL

1/-2/-2/6 5/-10/-20/-

UP TO ANY AMOUNT CAN BE INVESTED BY LETTER in accordance with rules.

ENGLISH CUP

Every Cup-Tie included IN THE "CHALLENGER"

FIXED-PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED

Send now for Price Lists on the

LINCOLN & NATIONAL & ENGLISH CUP

Every Horse and Team Priced

Enormous Odds up to 5,000 to 1.

Please send your Weekly Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....

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J.B.

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DAVID COPE LTD.
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
139 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

MY GOLDEN RULE

by JOHN BULL Letter Parliament Readers

I'M shy by nature . . . a terrible handicap in the sphere of salesmanship. When on the verge of receiving the sack for lack of business, I decided to adhere to the golden rule of "Show Courage."

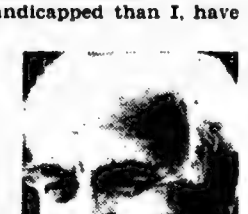
No longer do I have to almost kick myself into a buyer's office; no more do I blush and stammer before him; I sail right in to get his order . . . and usually succeed.

That golden rule to make some show of courage has served me well on many occasions, and it has given me a new outlook on life.—*"Cheeky Charlie," Worcs.*

Never Surrendered

"Keep your pecker up." Not a highbrow platitude I'll admit, but it's carried me past innumerable obstacles.

Others, more handicapped than I, have won through—Edison, who was deaf worked for ten years before he secured perfect speech-reproduction on the phonograph disc; John Ford, blind, made 20,000,000 hammer-taps on brass plates to make the first Braille Bible—so why shouldn't I win out?



Edison

In comparison, my achievements are negligible, but I've earned the "Well done" of friends, and know in my heart that, despite my physical drawbacks, I've never surrendered myself a willing victim to "fell circumstances."—*R. H., Haswell.*

You'll Be Caught

Three times a week whilst I was living in Africa I used to catch monkeys. My method was simplicity itself. Making small holes in the ground, I covered the bottom of the hole with nuts, and concealed myself. The monkeys came, and while they plunged their hands into the holes after the nuts I caught them.

No, they never ran away; they trapped themselves. Clutching the nuts they could not pull out their hands, and they hadn't the sense to let go!

Now I am older I see humans like this. My golden rule is—don't be greedy. If you are you'll be caught like the monkeys.—*"Schoolmaster," Glam.*

Understand Others

My golden rule of life is to make myself do those things I do not want to do. I read subjects in which I am not interested; I follow discussions against which I am prejudiced. I talk to people I dislike; and read newspapers that hold political views opposite to mine.

The result is that I have learned to be tolerant and to understand my fellow-beings and have been able to help them by intelligent conversation, rather than to despise them in silence. It makes life interesting and full of joy.—*D. M., Bristol.*

Don't Grouse

Only in adversity, I think, do we learn the golden rules of life which make for happiness.

I had a good job, a comfortable home, plenty of hobbies; yet I always seemed to find some cause for grumbling. Even mother got fed-up with my eternal "moaning."

Now that I am unemployed I have met fellows who have taught me that cheerfulness is the best medicine in the world. "Be cheerful" is my motto—and I think that no one will find a better.—*"Still Learning," Birmingham.*

Be Silent, if—

Never to indulge in frivolous gossip. Yes, as a housewife, I know the tinsel glamour of long chats over the garden fence, the thrill of whispered confidences.

But, too often, such chatter deteriorates

to personalities, and which inevitably returns as a boomerang—to one's discomfiture.

The world—even the street—is full of matters of absorbing interest. If these fail, let us be silent.—*Mrs. M., Roker.*

Keep Fit

A man may possess riches, may occupy a position of power, but if he has not health all these things are as nothing.

Real happiness and inward serenity are impossible when the body is racked with illness.

Consequently, my golden rule of life is to seek first and last the greatest gift of all—health.

I am, therefore, temperate in all things, careful about what I eat, and thoroughly appreciate the joys of a healthy walk in the country.—*A. G., Glasgow.*

Help Others

I am neither a millionaire nor a down-and-out, but just one of those whom we call the "man-in-the-street."

But my golden rule is one I adopted when I joined the Scouts in days long gone by. It is, "Do a good turn every day."

Whether it be mankind, animals or birds, I have found my golden rule is one which not only brings happiness to others, but which makes one feel the joy of living even, if, like myself, one suffers pain from wounds of past adventurers.—*"Anon," Staffs.*

Try It!

My golden rule will undoubtedly cause many to shiver; I did so myself when I first put it in practice, but now usage has got me over the shivery sensation.

Every morning, sunshine or snow, I indulge in a cold douche. It was recommended to me as a brightener and a cure for nerves, and when I had tested its efficacy it became my golden rule of life.

It is literally, golden, for it has increased my efficiency and so my salary.—*"Not So Blue," Londonderry.*

Employ Spare Time

To refrain from jealousy and envy of workmates who have secured a better job than myself—that is my golden rule.

I know that all the envy in the world will not secure a better job for me, unless steps are taken to fit myself for the position when it arises; that is why I am studying accountancy and other commercial subjects in my spare time.

An athlete without training is of little use; nor is a commercial worker, and envying the other man's so-called "luck" is a waste of time that could be more profitably employed.—*R. D., Southend.*

See the Best

With dolly-tub on the kitchen floor, the whole place was an unsightly muddle when a knock was heard. Hastily wiping my hands, I opened the door and began a lame apology to the new parson and his wife for their steamy reception.

She smiled, and, pointing to the window-ledge, said, "Those are lovely roses."

After they'd gone, I sang as I washed the rest of the clothes; moreover, I got an idea which has been my golden rule ever since. "See what is best and beautiful in folks and surroundings, and cultivate the equal art of not seeing on occasion!"—*"Freda," Sherwood.*

* * *

To perform my tasks as a schoolmaster efficiently, and in my leisure hours to find happiness and beauty in the simple things of life—that is my golden rule.—*F. B., Tipton.*

Real happiness, I have found, is only to be gained by serving one's fellows; therefore I make it a rule to help as many lame dogs over stiles as I can.—*"Contented," Lanark.*

ORIGINAL letters upon this subject below, not exceeding 160 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post TUESDAY, January 22.

My Good Health Secret

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on January 19

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) MANCHESTER C. v. Birmingham.
(2) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Wednesday.
(3) PORTSMOUTH v. Liverpool.
(4) STOKE v. Derby.
(5) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Hotspur.
**(6) ARSENAL v. Leeds.
**(7) ASTON VILLA v. Leicester.
(8) Blackburn v. W.B. Albion.
(9) Chelsea v SUNDERLAND.
(10) EVERTON v. Grimsby.
(11) HUDDERSFIELD v. Preston.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) PLYMOUTH v. Port Vale.
(2) SHEFFIELD U. v. Swansea.
*(3) Southampton v. BOLTON.
(4) West Ham v. BRENTFORD.
(5) Barnsley v. Manchester U.
(6) BLACKPOOL v. Forest.
(7) Bradford C. v. Burnley.
(8) BURY v. Hull.
**(9) NEWCASTLE v. Fulham.
(10) NORWICH v. Bradford.
(11) NOTTS COUNTY v. Oldham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Q.P. Rangers v. Cardiff.
*(2) READING v Swindon.
(3) TORQUAY v. Aldershot.
(4) Watford v. Coventry.
(5) BOSCOMBE v. Orient.
*(6) BRISTOL R. v. Southend.
(7) CHARLTON v. Luton.
(8) C. PALACE v. Brighton.
(9) EXETER v. Bristol C.
(10) Newport v. Millwall.
(11) NORTHAMPTON v. Gillingham.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) New Brighton v. York.
(2) Rochdale v. Wrexham.
(3) SOUTHPORT v. Accrington.
(4) BARROW v. Rotherham.
(5) Carlisle v. HALIFAX.
(6) CHESTER v. Darlington.
(7) CHESTERFIELD v. Crewe.
*(8) DONCASTER v. Gateshead.
(9) Hartlepools v. STOCKPORT.
(10) Lincoln v. TRANMERE.
*(11) MANSFIELD v. Walsall.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Kilmarnock v. MOTHERWELL.
(2) QUEEN'S PARK v. Ayr.
(3) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Hibernian.
**(4) RANGERS v. St Mirren.
**(5) ST. JOHNSTONE v Falkirk.
(6) ABERDEEN v. Celtic.
*(7) ALBION v. Dunfermline.
(8) CLYDE v. Airdrie.
(9) HAMILTON v. Dundee.
**(10) HEARTS v. Partick.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—7 (H); Div. II.—3 (A); Southern Section—2 (H); Northern Section—8 (H); Scottish League—4 (H), would indicate Aston Villa, Bolton, Reading, Doncaster, Rangers.

PIMPLES INVITE BLOOD-POISONING

Disease germs abound everywhere, and the slightest pimple or skin abrasion offers an open door to infection. The safest antiseptic and quickest healer is Cuticura Ointment. Get it and use it to-day—to prevent **blood-poisoning**—to eradicate the beginnings of torturing, disfiguring Eczema, Psoriasis or other stubborn skin disease.

How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Boy's Face a Mass of Scales

"My little boy, three years old, had an awful attack of impetigo. It started with a few spots on his face and the irritation caused it to spread quickly, and in no time his face was a mass of scales. The poor little fellow scratched himself to pieces. For two months I had a terrible time. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. He got great relief, and I am pleased to say they healed him when all else failed, leaving the skin as clear as a bell." (Signed) Mrs. G. Williams, 24, Newport Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

Cuticura Ointment 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. Cuticura Soap 1/-. Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 2d. stamp for postage. Address: Cuticura (Dept. 78 FO) Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31 Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura

SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC HEALING

Don't Let 'FLU Get YOU

WARNING SYMPTOMS

Do you feel Feverish?
Do your Eyes Smart?
Is your Throat Sore?
Are your Limbs Heavy?
Does your Head Ache?
Have you a Cold?
Do you feel Shivery?
Have you got Pains?
Have you a Cough?
Are you Sneezing?
Do you feel Weak?
Are you Depressed?

Famous 2d. Remedy meets National Emergency.

Thousands to-day are affected by a most serious epidemic. Cold, damp, fog, mist are all taking their toll. The very air you breathe carries thousands of dangerous germs into your body. 'Flu, Colds, Nose and Throat affections are wreaking havoc everywhere. If you have ONLY ONE of the warning symptoms on the left

PROTECT YOURSELF

Get some Beechams Brand Powders this very minute. Thousands upon thousands of wise people are taking this marvellous curative and preventive prescription. Be among them Keep well to withstand the ravages of Winter Ills. Beechams Brand Powders cost only 2d. each. Take them at night with a hot drink. They are a vital protection.

DON'T DELAY.
ACT NOW!!

Get **Beechams** Brand **Powders**

Carton of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not laxative.

Sold everywhere. A Beecham Product.

K. 376 BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me, on approval, a Model K.376 Frock at Present Bargain Price. My measurements are: -

Size..... **Colour**.....

I enclose **1/-** deposit, with **6d.** postage, and will remit balance of **7/11** either in one sum or by monthly instalments of **2/-** each. If not satisfied and I return the frock at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with name (Mrs. or Miss) and full address and Postal Order crossed thus | | in ink. *John Bull, 19/1/35. No. 509.*

Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only.

Post your Order at once to—

AMBROSE WILSON, LTD.,

500, Ambrose House. 60, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., London, S.W.1.

ONLY 1/-

Deposit is necessary with the Special Coupon above . . .

A lovely new style in the latest Fancy Woollen Knop Cloth . . Finished with a charming Beige Sand Crepe Collar edged with dainty frills. The tie belt at the back ensures good fitting for every figure. See, too, the Chromium ornament at the neck and graceful long sleeves. On approval for inspection in your own home for just **1/-** deposit.

SIZES: SW. 46, 48. W. 46, 48, 50; WX. 48,50(WX.1/6 extra)

COLOURS: Nut Brown, Light Navy, Sage Green, Strawberry, Black.

Special Bargain Price, **8/11**

Easy Terms Cost No Extra. Pay the balance in easy monthly amounts of 2/-.

THEY DOUBLE THE JOY

of SMOKING

When your throat becomes dry and parched through constant smoking, refresh it with an Allenburys Pastille. There is no simpler or pleasanter way of avoiding throat-irritation or of ensuring the fullest possible enjoyment from your cigarettes or pipe, however much you smoke. Try a tin to-day.

Take care of your throat—take

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins 8d. & 1/3d.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

1935 EDITION... FREE!

A New and greatly enlarged edition of "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" is just off the Press. It describes the easy way in which you may become an **A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T.**, etc., and contains the world's widest selection of courses in all branches of **Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., and Radio Engineering, Building, etc.**

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Instant Relief!

Never neglect the early symptoms of lung and chest troubles, but at once inhale the soothing fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure. It gives immediate relief, ease and comfort. Why endure misery by day and suffer from sleeplessness at night when you can so easily be freed from your trouble? Potter's Asthma Cure is excellent for Bronchitis of children, Croup and Whooping Cough. Keep a tin handy ready for use.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

(*Makers of Potter's Asthma Cigarettes*)

FIRST PRIZE
£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £900
100% ENTERTAINMENT IN "JOHN BULL'S" PENSION X-WORD
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
BONUS AWARD VALUE £2
a Season Ticket providing 80 free entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in same envelope.
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS..
To each sender of Solution containing one error more than Runners up, we shall post on Wed., Feb. 6, a special SURPRISE AWARD WITH £1 BONUS OFFER
GIANT PARTY HAMPER
containing Fowl and nine other seasonable luxuries, with every prize of £1 or over.

ANOTHER giant Pension-plus-Fortune First Prize is waiting to be won in the third of "John Bull's" new series of 100 per cent. Entertainment Crosswords—a Life Income of £2 per week and a cheque for the substantial sum of £500.

Naturally, of course, you will aim at an all-correct Solution of this week's square. But if you miss that distinction, remember, there remains our Runners-up prize of £100 cash, an offer of Party Hampers and an unlimited batch of our new 1935 Surprise Awards from which you may still benefit.

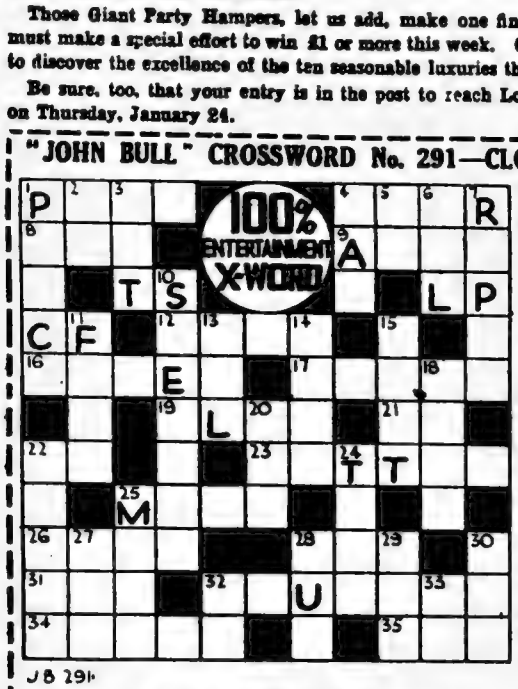
Those Giant Party Hampers, let us add, make one final appearance to-day, so you must make a special effort to win £1 or more this week. Otherwise, you will be too late to discover the excellence of the ten seasonable luxuries they contain.

Be sure, too, that your entry is in the post to reach Long Acre not later than noon on Thursday, January 24.

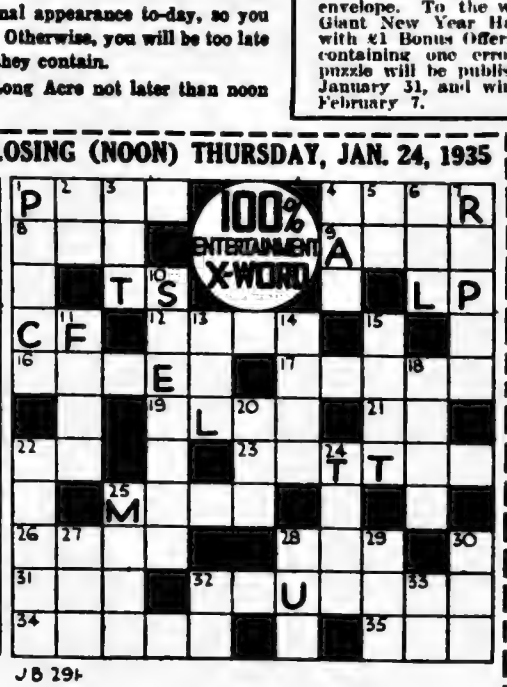
JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a Giant New Year Hamper will be sent. A surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 31, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 7.

Solution of X-Word No. 289. Winners in Crossword No. 288 appear on page 39. Result of 289 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 289 is given here as a matter of interest to our X-Word Competitors. No claims required.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 291—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 24, 1935



JB 291



JB 291

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

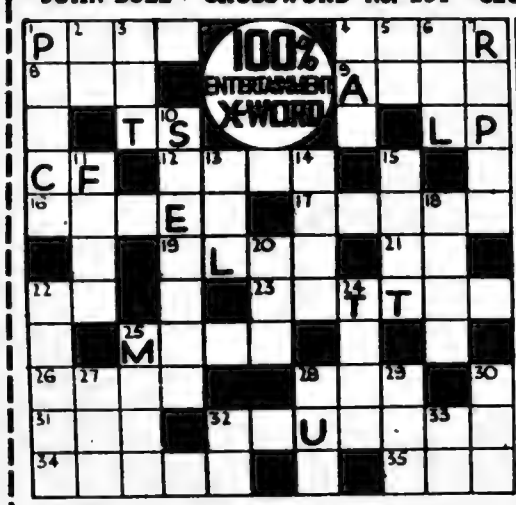
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 291—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 24, 1935



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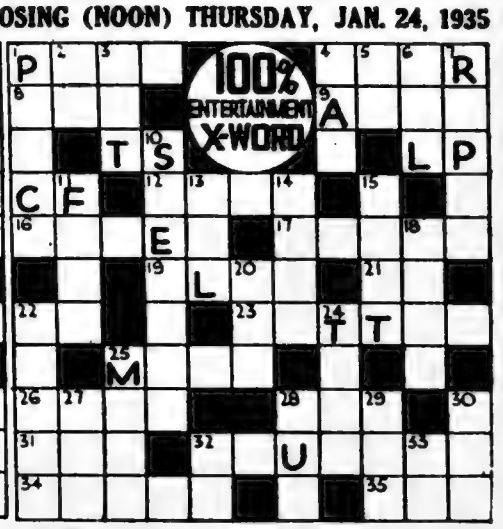


JB 291

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ENTRY FEE.

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 291, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(Comp.)

Free Help for X-Word Entrants.

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon [illegible] page.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Is needed as well as work
4. It's a hole, darn it!
8. Give this to good advice
9. Competent
12. Is ruined by entanglement
16. Has three legs and pictures are painted on it
17. Strange messages appear in this column of newspaper
19. "——, my poor brother!"
21. Take a promise to pay from five vowels
22. Short for South East
23. Has four legs and should be brushed daily
25. Many cars are kept in
26. What cricket umpire shouts
28. Product of coal—and Parliament
31. A gentle knock both ways
32. Helps to keep the home fires burning
34. Can terrorise rabbit
35. Nevertheless will do, however

DOWN

1. What Christmas waits cost you
2. Half a lady
3. Skill's needed in this as in Crosswords
4. Marks anything on which it goes
5. Two-thirds of web
6. Means everybody
7. Solicitor's letter requires debtor to do this
10. Boss who's this makes employees angry
11. How far you go depends on this
13. Go to bed if you are this
14. And nursing generally brings this
15. Rope is put on this
18. What is wanted
20. Silly man—or animal
22. Delay wife on way home
24. If it's not this it's——
25. Nearly all metal
27. Where luggage goes
28. Often gets stuck
29. Makes pig feel at home
30. Lead is usually attached to it
32. Same direction as 22 across
33. First two slices off lemon

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, January 24, 1935.

2.—**In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."**

Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 7, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 19, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final.

4.—No Scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100, or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

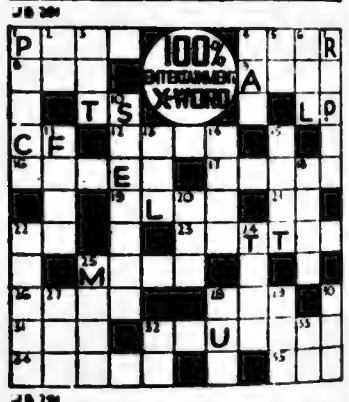
5.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

6.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

7.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

JB 289



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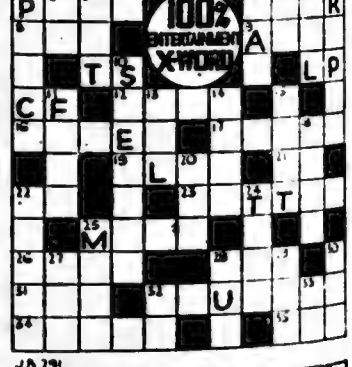

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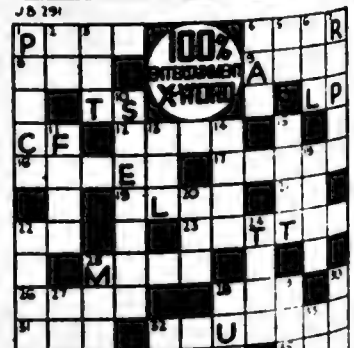


JB 291

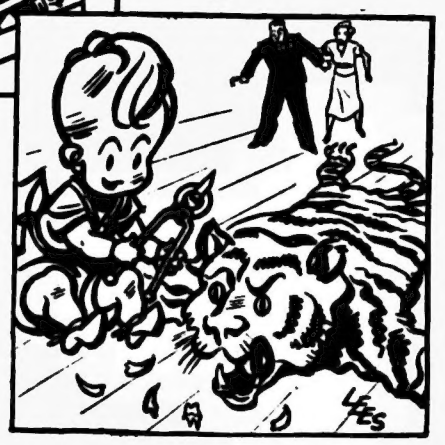
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest [illegible] winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs Last

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious corre-pondents are for entertainment.

Fan (Blackfriars).—"At the end of the fight the victor embraced the vanquished." They usually do that long before the end of the fight.



The KID

BASHFUL (Hastings).—"I find it nerve-racking to shake hands with women." So you just shake.

A. D. (Manchester).—"My mission in life is lifting the fallen." Ah! Ice-rink attendant!

A. M. (York).—"Our sports field is to be kept in order by a man named Ship." We've often heard of one running aground.

A. M. (Acton).—"At the circus recently I saw a troupe of trained monkeys in dress suits." Tails, of course.

PA-PA (Swansea).—"My youngster absolutely runs through the twice-times table." At the double?

J. B. (Glasgow).—"A friend of mine always takes his canary with him when motoring." On the dickey-seat, we suppose.

AUTHOR (Malvern).—"I consider that jokes about spinsters waiting at home for somebody to take them out are absolutely uncalled for." So are the spinsters.

CARELESS (Sevenoaks).—"I posted a letter to my wife and forgot to put the stamp on." You probably got an answer more quickly than you thought you would.

SIXTH-FORMER (Durham).—"I can picture myself as the pilot on one of the largest passenger air-liners." Just a flight of the imagination, perhaps.

S. B. M. (Glasgow).—"My brother-in-law is always sermonising on how he manages to keep the egg production up on his poultry farm." He's a lay preacher.

BARBER (Manchester).—"Some of my customers won't recognise me in the street." Perhaps you cut them in your shop.

F. J. (Hadleigh).—"My wife's nerves have been getting steadily worse since she started a craze for jig-saw puzzles." She's going all to pieces?

L. M. (Sheffield).—"I really don't think that parties and dinners are worth while, for afterwards I suffer from so much eating." Fed up?

SHOP ASSISTANT (Edinburgh).—"My boss has sacked the cleaner and says he's going to brush out the shop himself." He's made sweeping changes?

WHEELWRIGHT (Arundel).—"A man tried to swindle me the other day, but I soon sent him about his business." You put a spoke in his wheel.

AIR PILOT (Croydon).—"When I am off duty one of my greatest pleasures is to visit the theatre." But you prefer to see things from the wings, no doubt.

SORE (Tunbridge Wells).—"I sat down rather heavily on a box which I thought had something soft on it." After which, it had.

DUTCHMAN (Bloomsbury).—"When I see Englishmen bathing in the open air on a wintry morning I am filled with admiration for the red, white and blue." Particularly the blue?

DIVINER (Yorkshire).—Because my twig didn't enable me to find water at first, they threatened to throw me into a duck pond." You would have found it then all right!

ACROBAT (Blackburn).—"It is hard to spring to one's feet in one bound from a lying position." Especially if it's frosty outside and the bed is comfortable and warm.

T. N. (Wisbech).—"A friend of mine has just bought an expensive violin, although he can hardly play a note." We suppose he can hardly show one either, now.

PUZZLED (Whitton).—"My wife is worrying me to have electric fires in our new house, and my daughter says we should have gas. I don't know what to do for the best." You are caught between two fires, it seems.

M. Y. (Dover).—"I didn't enjoy my food at all while I was on the boat." That was a bit rough.

BRAWNY (Launceston).—"What do you think of my idea of becoming a bellringer?" It sounds all right.

H. K. (Dumbarton).—"If hens were suddenly to start laying square eggs, who would worry?" Egg-cup manufacturers.

HEADMASTER (Bognor).—"I have noticed that no schoolboy really likes wearing striped trousers." We don't doubt it.

J. O. (Lincoln).—"The 'Season' gets on my nerves." We can sympathise; ours expires next week.

CONVIVIAL (Exeter).—"Can you guess my idea of a corking time?" An uncorking one.

FRESH AIR FIEND (Maidstone).—"I go round each evening before retiring to make sure that all the windows are unlocked." Where's the catch?

HANDYMAN (Bideford).—"I have converted the kitchen dresser into a bookcase." Doubtless you still have a few plates on the shelves.

A. C. (Gravesend).—"Because my wife complained that I made the tea too strong, I don't take her a cup in the mornings." That's a weak excuse.

S. M. (Hatfield).—"I read that a well-known sprinter has qualified as a dentist." Hesitating patients who ring his surgery bell never get away.

C. F. L. (Tooting).—"Six months ago I bought the wood to make a bookcase, but I haven't touched it yet." You've shelved it, though.

INDIGNANT (Cambridge).—"What with inspectors for this, that and the other thing, our rulers are interfering too much with affairs." You mean that they don't know where to draw the line?

M. J. (Christchurch).—"After eating rather a large helping of pudding for supper, my sleep was very troubled by dreams." You were fortunate to get any sleep at all.

ANON (Gidea Park).—"If, when you had finished putting up the staging in your greenhouse, and found you couldn't open the door to get out, what would you do?" Raise the roof.

HON. SEC. (South Molton).—"Do you think our team would improve its standing in the league if we all wore blue-ringed stockings?" Not nearly so much as if you made rings round your opponents.

S. N. (Dunoon).—"Is it true that charabancs will be bigger than ever this summer?" Probably, but it is denied that the fares on each vehicle will be collected by two conductors travelling up and down the running-boards in baby two-seaters.

F. W. (Wooler).—"My wife rose from her bed at one o'clock in the morning, went downstairs and hit the burglar over the head with a poker. He was still unconscious when I arrived home a little later." He undoubtedly got the welcome intended for you.

B. C. (Newark).—"In spite of my setting the traps very gingerly, I can't catch a mouse." Try a ginger cat.

G. R. A. (Maidenhead).—"I was present at a pyjama and bottle party the other night." Is your baby wakeful?

PORTLY (Amersham).—"I am the victim of much laughter about my girth. But what can I do about it?" Reduce it.

S. F. (Great Yarmouth).—"I have put all my money in a new company formed to build breakwaters and piers." In the hope of making a pile?

BUSINESS MAGNATE (E.C.).—"No man will ever be dismissed for sticking to his post." Unless, of course, he is a postman.

G. W. (Bolton).—"My pal has invented a match that ignites when breathed upon." There's nothing striking about that.

INTERESTED (Durham).—"Can you please tell me which animals in the zoological world are the highest food-consumers?" Giraffes.

ELECTRICIAN (Leeds).—"I pick up a little extra by installing electric fans in my spare time." That is one way of raising the wind.

J. L. (Inverness).—"Is it true that old films are boiled down to make glue?" Well, lots of them deserve to come to a sticky finish.

E. W. (Glasgow).—"I assure you the present interest in the Tudor period will have a startling effect on fashions." So far, however, the man in the street has remained unruffled.

FISHERMAN (Dartmouth).—"Some of my mates made a hopeless job of repairing a sail, and I was so mad I put my fist through the repair they had made." You struck a bad patch?

P. M. C. (Gloucester).—"I'm teaching my little boy arithmetic." Ask him how many *Bullets* cheques are offered on page 43 this week. And whilst he's counting them, win that £500!

NON-SMOKER (Kilmarnock).—"When I was a boy the doctor said if I didn't give up smoking cigarettes my brain would be affected." Which is more proof that the doctor is not always correct.

ENLIGHTENED (Gloucester).—"I used to think that boxing was all brute force, but since attending some contests I realise that it requires far more than this to be successful." Yes, there's more in it than meets the eye.

S. W. (Cardiff).—"Just imagine, nine live worms three inches long were found recently in a solid piece of rock hewn from a South Wales pit." This disposes of the theory that you cannot get blood from a stone.

B. E. (Shanklin).—"I have just left school at the age of seventeen, but am undecided as to the career I shall adopt. My headmaster advises business, as he considers I have a very forceful personality, but I would like to take up golf." You think you'd make a good driver?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Beechams

Lung Syrup

THERE'S NOTHING TO TOUCH IT FOR

COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

The damage which coughs and colds can do to the chest and lungs is widely known. Don't let this happen to you! Be prepared! Have a bottle at home where you can get at it quickly. Don't neglect yourself, or your children! Get your bottle to-day and stand secure.

1/3 & 2/6 per bottle from chemists everywhere. 2/6 size contains 3 times the quantity for only twice the price.

YOU Can't Hide WEAKNESS!

IF you are skinny, "nervy" or physically unfit you don't count. Your physical weaknesses tell on you wherever you go. Your sallow complexion, your rheumatic look, your nervous fidgetings all help to make real Men and Women avoid you.

As long as you go on ailing, aching, and complaining you won't—you can't—expect others to help you.

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Please send, without obligation, my copy of your book. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage. I have put (X) before subjects about which I would like Free Confidential Advice.

.....Catarrh & Colds .....Rheumatism
.....General Debility .....Constipation
.....Increased Height .....Nervousness
.....Skin Disorders .....Indigestion
.....Bad Habits .....Thinness
.....Mus. Development .....Despondency
Other Ailments .....

Name .....
Occupation ..... Age .....
Street .....
Town .....
County .....

Hollywood Beauty Secrets

Little tricks that make the stars beautiful

Famous screen stars use many little tricks to heighten their beauty. For example, the eyes can be made much more enticing if you take a small brush, dip it in petroleum jelly, and carefully stroke the eyebrows away from the centre of the face. The eyelashes, too, may be made darker and longer by daily brushing outwards with the jelly. And of course the nose must never have the least suggestion of shine. That is why screen stars now insist upon non-absorbent face powder. Ordinary powder only prevents shine for a few minutes because it absorbs the natural moisture of the skin and forms a glistening paste. The powder *itself* shines.

But chemists have found that by blending the powder with a little Mousse of Cream it is made non-absorbent. This process is now patented by Tokalon. Poudre Tokalon cannot soak up the skin's moisture. That is why it gives you a soft, smooth finish like the bloom on a fresh peach. It stays on five times longer than other powders—even in spite of wind, rain or perspiration. Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that prevents ugly shine all day long—and *itself never shines.* 6d. and 1/-.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

8/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 8/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 9/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/2 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

LEG TROUBLE

A Free Offer.

★ A generous sample of 'Elasto,' a new remedy for all leg troubles and kindred ailments, is offered on the back cover. Together with the sample will be sent an illuminating free Booklet and copies of recent testimonials. See Back Cover.

A WONDERFUL RECOVERY

Mrs. Cookson, 6 Acacia Terrace, Ashington, writes:—"I had a severe breakdown in health and could not move hand or foot and vomited for five weeks. I was sent to the Infirmary, and after a week on nothing but Glucose water, the vomiting ceased, but I was terribly weak, and lost two stones. A friend advised me to try Vitadatio, and by persevering with it, I can do my own work again, and have gained 16 lbs. People tell me I am a miracle."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints, Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles (3 weeks' supply) for export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

EVEN BETTER THAN COD LIVER OIL.

New Tasteless Tablets are Greatest of all Strength and Flesh-builders for Weak, Run-down People.

No longer need mothers force fishy-tasting Cod Liver Oil down children's throats! No longer need men and women who are skinny and weak stay that way because they hate the thing which could put them right.

At last doctors have found a way to concentrate health-giving, flesh-producing Vitamins in tasteless, sugar-coated tablets, as simple and easy to take as sweets.

Get a bottle of Clotabs—as these tablets are called—at any chemists to-day, and if they don't put on at least 3 lbs. of firm, healthy flesh in a month, get your money back.

Here are just one or two of the wonders Clotabs have worked. One little girl who was very weak after Diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4 lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run-down and underweight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. A lady at Wembley who was "always tired" gained new energy and strength. A man who was thoroughly run-down after teeth trouble found immediate improvement and gained at least 3 lbs.

Get a bottle to-day. From any chemist, 1/3 and 3/-. For useful weight recording Chart send 1½d. in stamps to Macleans Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

LIFE A BURDEN FROM INDIGESTION.

Here is a letter of the utmost interest to all sufferers from stomach trouble in any form.

It is the experience of a man whose life was a burden because of the terrible internal pains which followed gastric influenza, but who finally found complete relief through Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is the story of Mr. J. H. S. Smith, of Chestnut Grove, Kaling. He writes:

"Early this year I had gastric influenza which left me with chronic indigestion, which embodied terrible internal pains with palpitation and constipation. For several months life was a burden; nothing gave me relief until a neighbour recommended Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After taking it for two days the internal pains became less acute and in a fortnight everything was quite normal with me. I can now eat anything without the least qualm."

And if you suffer from stomach trouble of any sort remember that you can get just the same relief as Mr. Smith, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets.

GROW THICK, STRONG WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS

Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness or Hair-killing Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the Hair is now thick and is a thick mass of wares, and is more healthy looking."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy Street, 53.A.W., London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for inward use. Ask your chemist for **Zam-Buk Suppositories.** 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep

CURES PILES

A FREE CATALOGUE, PATTERNS, etc., of Berkeley Upholstery - - - - - - - - -

Fill in the Coupon on page 35.

OFF *go our* WORLD TRAVELLERS

ON Sunday, January 20, the boat train for Dover will carry Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Turner, with their son, Mr. N. C. Turner, on the first stage of their journey to Monaco. There they will join s.s. *Empress of Britain* for a Family World Cruise, the First Prize won with £1,000 cash and £5 weekly for life by Mrs. Turner, 6, Fairview Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham, in *Bullets* Competition No. 942.

Below Mr. C. H. Turner speaks of the Great Adventure on which JOHN BULL'S World Travellers are about to embark.

* * *

Ever since that memorable Friday early in July when my wife opened JOHN BULL'S prize telegram announcing the success of our joint effort in *Bullets* World Cruise Competition, Mrs. Turner, my son and I have been living in anticipation of the "Great Adventure."

There has been much to do in the months that have intervened, since preparations for a holiday extending over 18 weeks and embracing a 29,650-mile circuit of the globe cannot be lightly undertaken. The days and weeks have sped quickly by, and now we are about to embark on what will be the experience of our lives.

On January 18, to be precise, we shall say good-bye to our home and travel to London for a farewell dinner arranged by the Competition Editor. On the following day we take the boat train for Dover and Calais, where we entrain for our journey across France to Monaco, from which point we embark in the Queen of the Seven Seas, s.s. *Empress of Britain.*

With a register of 42,500 tons, she is the largest liner ever to make the circuit of the globe, and in luxurious comfort she can only be compared to such world-famous hotels as the Ritz or the Savoy. Apart from the magnificent lounges and dining rooms, each designed and decorated by world-famous artists, there is a large ballroom, designed by Lavery, swimming pool, gymnasium, library, card room, beauty parlour, doctor's and dentist's consulting room, nursery, café, several shops, and a sports deck.

On a ship of this size the passengers' rooms necessarily vary considerably. What accommodation, then, has JOHN BULL reserved for his guests? Those who have had experience of the Long Acre way of doing things know the answer already—the best.

Two of the finest rooms on the "A" deck, fitted with private bathrooms and every conceivable comfort, have been reserved for our exclusive use. And during our excursions ashore, hotel accommodation, meals and travel are provided on the same handsome scale. "Thank you!" sounds quite inadequate for such generosity.

The Riviera, Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Singapore, Java, China, Japan, Hawaii, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Panama, Havana, New York, Southampton—what an astonishing journey is before us! And, with the £1,000 cash received by my wife and the Life Pension cheque of £5 for her each Saturday, what a staggering prize to win for a few words!

* * *

Arrangements are already in hand for a further huge "Bullets" World Cruise Offer later in 1935. You may be next for s.s. "Empress of Britain"!

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 965.

FIRST PRIZE—£600 AND GIFT DAILY FOR LIFE.

W. G. RUNTER, 19, New Writtle Street, Chelmsford.

Example: DOWN ON HIS LUCK
Bullet: REMAINED GAME—REGAINED NAME.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

G. A. WILSON, 1,032, Dumbarton Road, Whiteinch, Glasgow.
Example: Slice Of Life
Bullet: "Crumbs! Cake!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

S. H. MILES, 64, Newlands Avenue, Southampton.
Example: Disappearing
Bullet: "Wrinkles"—"Pulling Up Socks."

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: Mrs. L. CONSTANTINE, 20, Deramore Street, Manchester.
Father's Problem—Horses—Mother's, One "Donkey."

£9: H. WEARING, c/o Mrs HALL, Brightside, Painswick, Stroud, Glos.
When The Work's Done—*Unhappily* Greeted With "Cards."

£8: C. A. CUNDY, The Marsh, Stoke-by-Nayland.
Studying—Me, "Star" I Discovered.

15 OF £7 10s. EACH:

W. BELL, 593, Lees Road, Oldham, Lancs.
At Its Best—Diplomacy—Tommy's "Cheerio, Jerry!"

C. DYE, 19, Pearce Field, Sprowston Road, Norwich.
He Lost His Girl And—Seeking River, Cursed Puddle!

G. FORBES, 56, Stoneybank Crescent, Musselburgh.
Primitive Man—*Used* Inferior Tools, Anyway!

Miss D. GEORGE, 4, Park Street, Skewen.
Without Exaggerating—America's Troubles Easily Bigger.

J. GRIFFIN, 314, Third Street, Manchester.
He Lost His Girl And—"Riding ... Increased Speed.

Mrs. A. MOGRIDGE, 1, Oakley Road, Bristol.
Britannia's Children—Want Government, Not "Governess."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. T. MORLEY, Burntwood Lodge, Brierley.
Stopped Her—"Oh, Dear"—"Show, Dear!"

F. ORMONDROYD, 43, William Street, Salford.
In A Mad Moment—Seek Open, Not Oven.

G. OWENS, "Onska-Glette," Heather Road, Newport, Mon.
Arriving Late—Forehead Wet—Head "Dry."

E. PEARCE 81, Bellingdon Road, Chesham.
Studying—Less Fortunate—More, Fortunately.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

M. H. RANDALL, 20, Lockharton Avenue, Edinburgh.
Arriving Late—All Lifeboatman's "Afraid Of."

F. W. RUNDLE, 26, Bodmin Hill, Looe, Cornwall.
No Small Matter—"Reverse," Life's Driving Test."

Mrs. P. SMITH 122 Eton Road, Ilford.
Father's Problem—Concealing "Cargo" From "Shipmate."

A. WALKER, 9, Bentham Road, Hackney, London, E.
Slice Of Life—Then "Banquet" Of Memories.

D. H. WILKINSON, 2, Drayton Road, West Ealing, W.
Pity The Driver When—Struggling With Judicial "Crank."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

Giant 1935 Offer Coming For Competition No. 971 we shall offer a mighty 3-in-1 prize of £1,935 cash, £4 weekly for life, and Millionaire's Week-end in London for Two.

LONGEST PRIZE-LIST IN THE WHOLE HISTORY OF 'BULLETS'

NOVEL BIG 2-in-1 FIRST £500

OFFERED THIS WEEK ONLY and GIFT EVERY WEEK FOR LIFE

SENSATIONAL SHOWER OF CHEQUES FOR A FEW WORDS!

SURPRISE follows surprise in *Bullets* 1935 Campaign. And before you to-day is one of the most outstanding offers ever made by JOHN BULL in a one-week Contest.

This week you have 80 different reasons for entering some good *Bullets*, the chief one being that splendid 2-in-1 First Prize of £500 and a JOHN BULL Gift every week of your life!

Congratulations from JOHN BULL to the winner of that fine 2-in-1 First will be wired on **Friday, February 8.** And a few days later the **Long Acre** cashier will be busy filling in all those 80 bumper cheques.

There is no reason why he should not write your name on one, nor why that thrilling First Prize telegram should not come to your door and bring you all the luxuries, the comfort and security which have already come to over 950 First Prize-winners in *Bullets*.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

FIRST read through the *Examples* slowly, marking those which appeal to you most. Next take each of these chosen *Examples* in turn and jot down all the rough ideas which occur to you in close connection with it.

A *Bullet*, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, neatly linked to the *Example*. So your next step must be to polish these rough notes of yours into polished *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, against the *Example* THE DOOR, you had written the rough note *Of Opportunity, Plodding Often Opens*. A few minutes' juggling with words and you could readily condense and improve that into the completed *Bullet*, THE DOOR—OPENED—PERSISTENCE "RANG BELL."

Now just one thing remains. Before you commence on your own efforts, let a study of the winning *Bullets* on the previous page give you further guidance in the way to win.

With those winning styles fresh in your mind you will be ready to start work on the interesting *Examples provided*.

Remember these simple instructions and make your *Bullets* with care. Use the coupons from this page and see that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, January 26, if you want one of this week's 80 big *Bullets* cheques.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Enter name and address on back of Postal Order.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

IF WINSTON RULED
DEATHLESS ARMY
IN LOVE AND WAR
DRUNK WITH POWER
SPLENDID
THANKS TO OLD ADAM
FADED FLOWERS
WITHOUT A HOME
VILLAGE WOOING
CHERISHED
SHE SURRENDERED AND
THROUGH THE WINDOW

WHEN FATHER THINKS
IT MAY BE SILLY, BUT
SHOWS HE'S STRONG
DIDN'T COME OFF
IN ONE BREATH
LATER
ON WINGS
THE WRONG ANSWER
SHADOWS
EASILY EARNED
LEADING THE WAY
HINT TO THE LANDLORD

TO WIN THE GAME
SONNY'S WRITING
TURNED TO
GNASHING HIS TEETH
THE DOOR
TALKING IN MILLIONS
"YOU'RE WANTED!"
HALE AND HEARTY
NEARING HOME
NO FOOL
IN THE CART
LIVING IN LUXURY

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(969) Closing SAT., Jan. 26.
P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(969) Closing SAT., Jan. 26.
P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(969) Closing SAT., Jan. 26.
P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(969) Closing SAT., Jan. 26.
P.O. No .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed .....
Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 969 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 969, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also enable you to enter a thrilling *Bullets* Football Contest every week.

Post off to-night the coupon on this page and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this 8-page guide to success in *Bullets* and *John Bull's* Crosswords.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, incorporating *John Bull's Crossword Gazette*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

Should you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you may make your application for "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

£50	£25	£20
£17.10.0	£15	£12.10.0 £10
£9.17.6	£9.15.0	£9.12.6
£9.10.0	£9.7.6	£9.5.0
£9.2.6	£9	£8.17.6
£8.15.0	£8.12.6	£8.10.0
£8.7.6	£8.5.0	£8.2.6
£8	£7.17.6	£7.15.0
£7.12.6	£7.10.0	£7.7.6
£7.5.0	£7.2.6	£7 £6.17.6
£6.15.0	£6.12.6	£6.10.0
£6.7.6	£6.5.0	£6.2.6
£6	£5.17.6	£5.15.0
£5.12.6	£5.10.0	£5.7.6
£5.5.0	£5.2.6	£5 £4.17.6
£4.15.0	£4.12.6	£4.10.0
£4.7.6	£4.5.0	£4.2.6
£4	£3.17.6	£3.15.0
£3.12.6	£3.10.0	£3.7.6
£3.5.0	£3.2.6	£3
£2.17.6	£2.15.0	£2.12.6
£2.10.0	£2.7.6	£2.5.0
£2.2.6	£2	£1.17.6
£1.15.0	£1.12.6	£1.10.0
£1.7.6	£1.5.0	£1.2.6
£1	500 of 2/6	

2,000 Red Seal "Targets"...
... 8,000 "Target" Prizes

ENTER BY SAT., JAN. 26

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food Remedy

Elasto

REGISTERED

For the Veins, Arteries and Heart

Read What Users of Elasto say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins cease to be troublesome and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Elasto Cures Through The Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases:* that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. You will be amazed at the marvellous effectiveness of this pleasant, easy remedy; no fuss; no trouble; just glorious relief. And, remember, Elasto is not expensive. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which *dissolve instantly* on the tongue; it is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Take Elasto for:—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all these troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

A generous sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15.D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.2.

WHY ELASTO IS DIFFERENT

Elasto derives its marvellous curative properties as much from its unique method of manufacture as from its actual constituents. In the preparation of each batch of these tiny tablets the processes involved occupy no less than *twelve working days.* These prolonged processes are absolutely essential in order to secure the full activity and extreme fineness of this vital cell-food. Take an Elasto tablet, crush it between your fingers; a soft, fine powder results which may be blown to nothingness by the merest puff. Try to swallow one of these delicate tablets and you will find it impossible; it will be gone almost before you realise it is on your tongue. It has gone to put all those hours of patient labour into the rebuilding and repairing of living tissue. By the law of chemical affinity, it has been attracted to the blood through the mucous linings of the mouth and throat with the swiftness and certainty with which iron filings are drawn to the magnet!

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR ELASTO!
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto,
The Great Blood Revitaliser

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15.D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London. E.C.

★

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters.*)

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull," 19/1/35.....

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

139 B92

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